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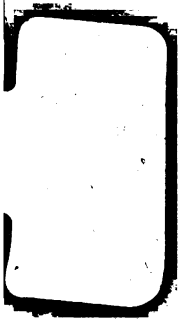
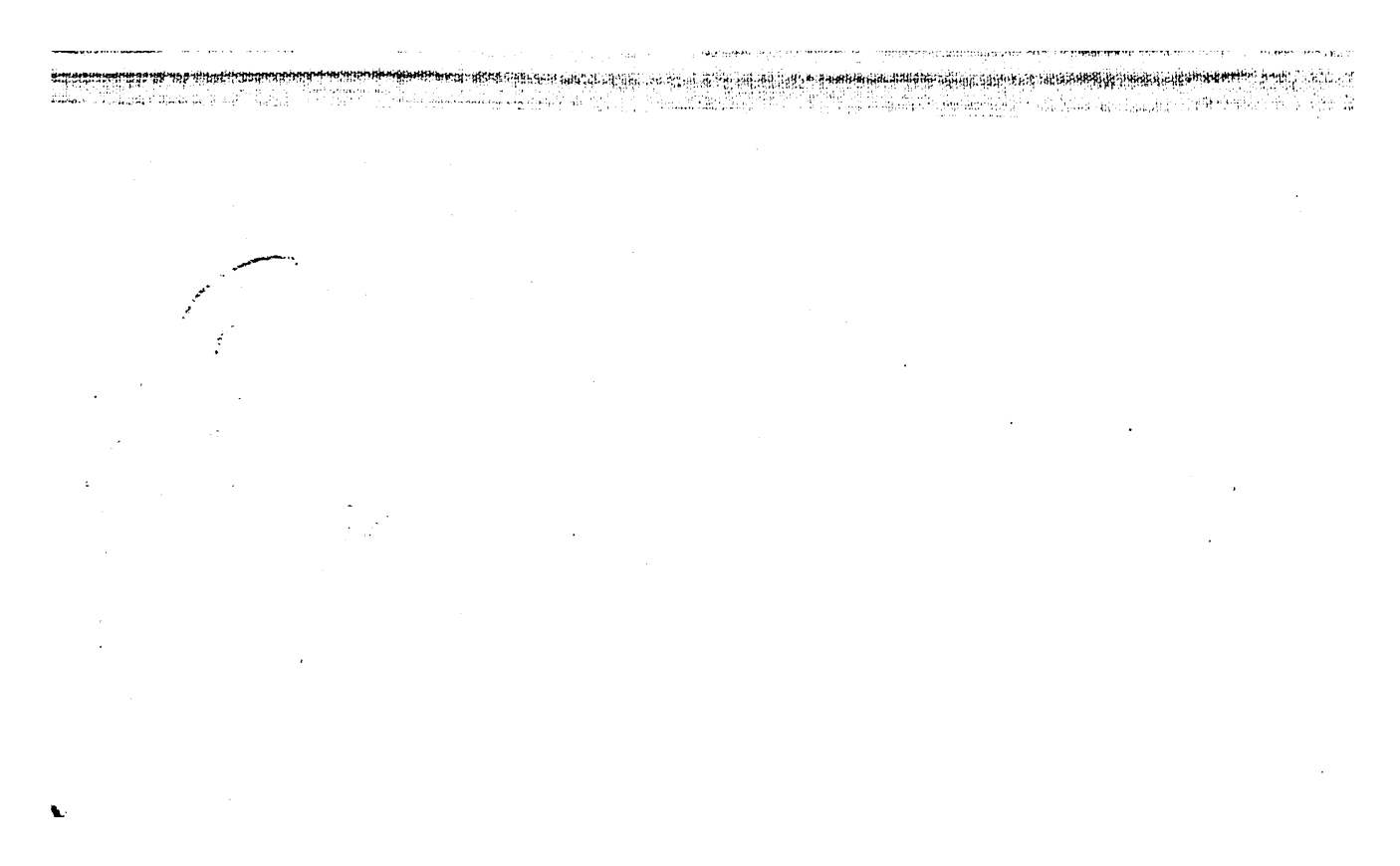




MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. THOMAS CLELAND, D. D.,

Compiled from his Private Papers.

By EDWARD P. HUMPHREY.

AND

THOMAS H. CLELAND.

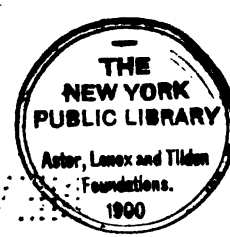
NEW YORK
PUBLIC

CINCINNATI:
MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & CO., PRINTERS,
25 WEST FOURTH STREET,
1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

J. L. SMEDLEY,

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Kentucky.



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MEMOIRS

OF

REV. THOMAS CLELAND, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

It is proposed to spread upon these pages a brief memoir of the life and labors of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Cleland, of Kentucky, lately deceased. The necessary information is supplied in his private papers, but particularly in an autobiography which he prepared in 1848. This was intended not for the public eye, but for the use of his children and intimate friends, at whose request it was written. These friends have deemed it proper, however, to publish such parts of it as are of public interest, together with such portions as relate to his career as a minister of the Gospel, and indicate the early training by which the Providence and Grace of God raised him up for the work set before him.

In order to a just appreciation of his character, both personal and professional, it is needful to survey the sphere into which his life was cast. He was a man of his time: in many things the product and type of the region and the period in which he spent his days. What was there, then, peculiar in the conditions under which he came into the service of the Church?

The first of these conditions is found in the fact that he was one of the pioneers of Kentucky; not too young to be reckoned among the second generation of that remarkable body of men. In the year 1789, a few months after the first inauguration of Washington, the Cleland family descended the river Ohio, after the manner and amidst the dangers of that navigation, in a flat-boat floating with the stream, the banks of which were infested with hostile Indians. In the following year the family settled in what is now called Marion county, Thomas being in the twelfth year of his age. Sixteen years only before that settlement was effected, James Harrod built his log cabin, perhaps the first in the State, near the spot now occupied by Harrodsburg. Daniel Boone's fort on the river Kentucky had been erected not more than fifteen years, and the original block-house at Lexington about eight. The terrible siege of

Logan's fort, and the brilliant march of Clarke upon Vincennes and Kaskaskia, the disastrous expedition of Bowman against Chillicothe, and the bloody but decisive battle of the Blue Licks, had all occurred at periods the most remote of which was not more than thirteen, and the nearest only eight years earlier than the settlement of the family. The sites now occupied by the towns of Danville, Harrodsburg, Lebanon and Springfield, were marked by a few log dwellings, or were covered by the unbroken forests. Not more than eleven years had passed since the McAfees, and McCouns, and Armstrongs had settled near the spot where, seventy years ago, they built a house of worship, which they called New Providence Church, in acknowledgment of God's protection over their infant colony; where, for forty-five years, their descendants have received the word of God from Dr. CLELAND'S lips, and where they have now given him a reverent burial with their kindred. Wayne's treaty was not formed until four years after he came to the county, and he was a young man of two and twenty when the century which is now on the wane began its cycle. His life as a pioneer lad will be described in his own words in another part of this volume. To that manner of early life, those who knew

him will readily refer much of his manhood and force of character, and much that was attractive in him; his vigorous constitution, the resolution with which he met difficulties and opposition, the primitive structure of his dwelling and its appointments; his frankness and honesty, the simplicity of his manners, dress and mode of thought and expression; the familiarity of his interc ourse with all classes of people; his genial humor; his fondness for the implements of frontier life—the ax and the rifle; his hearty and unostentatious hospitality at home, and his exemplary patience with what his younger brethren find intolerable,—bad roads, bad weather, and rough fare when on duty abroad.

He belonged, also, to the second generation of the pioneer preachers of Kentucky. Father Rice, Terah Templin, Robert Marshall, and those immediate fellow laborers among the Presbyterians were much older than he; so were Wm. Hickman, Lewis Craig and John Gano among the Baptists, and Francis Poythness, Benjamin Ogden and James Haw among the Methodists; though the most of these were alive when he began his ministry. He was, however, the cotemporary, among the Presbyterians, of Carey H. Allen, John P. Campbell, James Blythe, John Lyle, Robert Stewart,

Archibald Cameron and Joshua L. Wilson. Being, by a few years, younger than any of them, he survived them all, and brought down to the present year, the type of that generation of powerful preachers.

To this we add, on a wider survey of his sphere in life, that his cotemporaries in other professions were great men—great in any comparison. Henry Clay and Felix Grundy were his seniors by a year only; Joseph Hamilton Davies and John Boyle by two years; John Allen, John Rowan and John Pope by from four to seven years; while Wm. T. Barry, Ben. Hardin and Benjamin Mills were younger than he. Very few of these men, in the active period of life, were professedly religious, and the points of immediate contact between the professions of the law and the ministry of the Gospel were not very numerous. But the influences which those classes of public men exert on each other through their influence on the community in the bosom of which both have their spheres, the taste for forensic eloquence created by great lawyers and politicians acting on the pulpit, and the love of justice and the sense of responsibility to God, acquired from the instructions of the pulpit, re-acting on the tribunal of justice and the forum—

all these considerations must be weighed in our estimate of public men.

The biography now before us connects itself, also, with the most decisive events which have marked the progress of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky. His ministry of fifty-five years, commencing with his licensure in 1803, and terminating with his death in 1858, is covered by the period both of rapid growth and earnest controversy in the Presbyterianism of Kentucky. He participated as an exhorter in the revival of 1801–2; and as an ordained minister of the Word in the work of Grace which was wrought in the years beginning with 1826, and terminating with 1829. He labored in camp meetings, which then were approved among the Presbyterians; and then in protracted and sacramental meetings among all the churches of Central Kentucky; and, indeed, in nearly all the larger congregations throughout the State. As early as 1803 he extended his missionary tours as far as Wayne county, in Kentucky; and, in 1805, he followed a wilderness trace as far as Vincennes, Indiana, to preach the word in places never before visited by a Presbyterian minister. He was actively engaged in nearly all the controversies and debates through which the church passed from

time to time. He was a member of the commission which brought to a crisis the affairs of the Cumberland Presbytery: he took part in the proceedings which resulted in the deposition of Thomas B. Craighead, and the defeat of the Pelagian party: at the death of John B. Campbell, who had led the opposition to the New Light Theology, he took up his pen against the Arian and Socinian errors of Barton W. Stone: he entered warmly into the controversy with President Holley and his friends in the Transylvanian University, and labored at the foundation of Centre College when that institution became necessary to the maintenance of the truth: he publicly defended the principles of the Protestant faith against the Roman Catholics, the doctrines of the Divine decrees against the Arminians, and of the covenants against the Baptists, and the doctrines of grace against the reformers; and, finally, he shared in the proceedings which resulted in the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1837. Having identified himself with what is known as the Constitutional or New School General Assembly, he was one of the most venerable and trusted Councilors of that branch of Presbyterianism.

CHAPTER II.

Autobiography, Parentage and Birth—Removal to Maryland, to Kentucky—Settlement in Marion County—His early habits and manner of life as a Pioneer and Hunter—Early Education at Home, at Greensburg, Pisgah and Lexington.

[We now commence the history of his life, as he has himself exhibited it in the autobiographical sketch already described.]

"Thomas Cleland, the writer of this brief sketch, was born in Fairfax county, Va., May 22, 1778. About the third or fourth year of his age, he removed with the family into Montgomery county, Md., where he remained eight years. In regard to his ancestry he knows but little. His father was an humble mechanic; his principal calling was that of making spinning-wheels, but could do almost any thing in wood or iron, that any one else could do. He was very poor as to this world's goods, and withal very feeble in his physical constitution. He had only an ordinary English education, but he possessed a good share of common sense, and his intellect was rather above the common order. Beyond my father I have no knowledge of my paternal ancestry.

My mother's maiden name was Richards. She was a plain woman, a kind mother, and in domestic life rather excelling than otherwise, in regard to economy and good management. Father and mother both were highly respected by their neighbors and all acquaintances. Neither of them ever publicly professed religion. They were very moral and friendly toward religious people, and raised their family in good repute.

The principal object that drew my father over into Maryland, was to take charge of an old mill establishment, by lease, for eight years. It was on Seneca creek, and owned by a widow Perry, and was much out of repair. Father being an excellent mechanic, soon repaired it and gained a large custom, took his wheat to Ellicot's mills, laid out the proceeds in goods at Baltimore, and established a small country store at home; and thus acquired a small property which enabled him to rise above poverty and advance a little in the world. During this time I went to school to different teachers—Timothy Sullivan, Alexander Penman and Geo. Dyson. The first two were Irish redemptioners, as they were called, compelled to serve for a limited time to pay the expense of their passage across the ocean. The latter was an Englishman. Besides the common reading, he made us mem-

orize the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostle's creed. The Old and New Testaments were read as schools books; and here I may say I received my earliest impressions, though very feeble indeed, by this course at school. The teacher was himself an Episcopalian, and my father's prepossessions were that way also. I am confirmed in this impression from what I have heard him intimate, but more especially from the fact that he had been prevailed on to have his children down to my sister Mary below me, "*Christened*," as it was called, by an Episcopalian clergyman, who occasionally visited the family.

[It has been already observed that his early life, as a pioneer of the region where he spent the most of his days, exerted a controlling influence in the formation of his character. The graphic skill with which he describes this part of his career indicates the impression which it made upon not only his memory, but his manhood.]

In the fall of 1789, father made his arrangements to remove to Kentucky, Washington county, where he had procured an entry of 500 acres of forest land. My maternal grandmother resided near Red Stone, as it was then called, on the Monongahela river. He started September 23, and arrived October 9, nearly two

months, and there remained until father built a flat-boat, in which to descend the Ohio river. We left the last day of November; I was in my twelfth year, and on account of a recent illness had to be carried to the boat. The descent of the river in these times was perilous, frequent attacks were made by the Indians on boats descending, attended sometimes with severe loss of life and property. We ascertained that they had made frequent attempts of this kind. Boats were fired on both before and behind us. But a kind providence interposed in our behalf—being safely conducted until we reached a small stream called Goose creek, a short distance above Louisville, Ky. I was sick the whole time, confined to my bed, but soon after recovered.

We were compelled, for want of better accommodation, to remain in our boat two weeks. Afterward, a small cabin, about twelve feet square, was obtained, a few miles out from the river, belonging to Col. Richard Taylor, father of the renowned hero of Monterey and Buena Vista. This residence was in the edge of a dense cane-brake. Here we were saluted every night with the howling of wolves.

In the meantime father had gone to look for his land, and, if possible, to have erected a hasty building for our accommodation. He

reached the neighborhood, examined the premises, selected the spot, engaged the workmen, and then was taken with a violent attack of pleurisy, a disease to which he was liable, and which ultimately ended his days. He was absent more than six weeks without our knowing the cause. The family were in painful suspense. The Taylor family, old and young, were very hospitable and kind to us. William, Hancock, and "Little Zack," as General Taylor was then called, were my playmates. Mrs. Taylor conceived a great fondness for my mother, and treated her as a sister.

At length father returned, very feeble indeed; we had well-nigh lost him. About the last of April we started for our new home, at which we soon arrived in safety. Every thing was new, rough and wild. A large cabin, with open cracks and puncheon floors, homely poles with boards across for ceiling, a tall dense forest all around, bears, wolves, with all manner of venomous reptiles in profusion. There was no time to be lost. Owing to father's illness and late arrival, the season was far advanced. The mattock, the ax and maul were put speedily into operation; father having a delicate constitution, could not labor out, or do any thing in the way of farming. But there was one who had been an inmate of the family some eight or

ten years, a maternal uncle, familiarly called "Uncle Sammy" (Richards). He had been brought up a farmer. He was our leader. The ground was laid out, and at it we went day and night. I was from a child fond of an ax—always my favorite tool. Our force was my uncle and myself, two colored boys and two colored women. Up came the grubs, down went the saplings and undergrowth. Several acres were covered with the brush, the result of the days of chopping and grubbing. At night the fires sent forth light all around from the brush heaps burning here and there as fast as we could put and pile on. This was amusement, as well as work, and had to be continued in order to keep pace with mattock and ax, until ten or eleven o'clock at night. Late in the season as it was we made out to inclose and cultivate twelve acres of ground. Every blade, top and ear, were saved, and carefully secured, which, with pumpkins, and a cellar well stored, with potatoes, we made quite a flattering appearance for persons unaccustomed to the arts and toils of farming. These were indeed times that tried men's souls, and bodies too. I was now twelve years old, May, 1790. Here commenced a new era in my juvenile life, every thing to do to obtain a livelihood—the forest to

clear away, buildings to erect, the hand-mill to push around to obtain bread. Sometimes I was mounted on a three-bushel bag of corn to take to the nearest mill, which was thirteen miles distant, three miles below where Springfield now stands, then an unbroken forest.

I soon became from necessity, as well as from inclination, an active, fierce, and persevering adventurer, after wolves, bears, etc. For feats of activity, such as jumping, racing and climbing trees, my equal was not to be found. No one had more ambition to excel in log-rolling, horse-racing, corn-husking races, than myself. For my hardy endurance, and well-known strength, I carried the *soubriquet* of "*Pine Knot*" and "*Jackscrew.*" In all these dangerous positions, in house raisings, athletic exercises, and night huntings, etc., I was wonderfully preserved by an unseen hand, reserved, I trust, for noble deeds, which at that time had not the shadow of an existence in my thoughtless and untutored mind.

Energy and perseverance were two distinguishing traits in my character. I vaunted myself upon my external morality, and had the approbation of parents, neighbors, and all. As to my early religious impressions, the removal to this country, the novelties continually pre-

sented, and the avocations in which I was nceessarily engaged, left no room for their operation.

[His fondness for the diversions of the woods was a marked peculiarity in his taste through the whole of his life. This peculiarity was due to the sports of his youth in a country full of game. Those which he describes below relate to the year 1793–4, when he was only fifteen or sixteen years of age.]

I resumed more vigorously than ever the various avocations and pursuits of the day—farming, log-rolling, and hunting wild animals, coons, foxes, wild cats and wolves. The two latter were very mischievous, depredating upon our sheep, pigs, etc. In the course of some two or three years I had trapped in *wolf-pens* more than a dozen large, full-grown wolves, and in one way and another, twice as many of the wild-cat race, and smaller game without number. Both from necessity and inclination, I had declared war against the whole concern. Ambition, energy, perseverance and determination, carried me on regardless of danger.

Never was I alarmed by these animals but once. It was early in March, the moon was shining brightly, the air was soft and balmy. While I was standing quietly waiting for the return of my dogs, I saw three large wolves

coming directly toward me. They came within less than ten steps of me. Hearing the noise of them approach among the leaves and sticks, the fleetest dog sprang right toward them. I saw the foremost spring to one side, while the other two fled backward, with all the dogs in full pursuit. Being alone, I feared the one that had been left behind might attack me, I stood with my ax, the only weapon I had, ready, my heart palpitating, and my eyes all around me; but I saw him not. The dogs, on their return, gave him a second chase, and after returning I made all haste homeward, the dogs all ahead, I could not keep one behind me, but kept looking back, not knowing but that I might be pursued. One of the dogs having gone aside from the road, I passed him, walking briskly. He came in behind, now close up to me. As I looked back, I was sure it was a *wolf*. The ax is drawn in the twinkling of an eye, with earnest cry for the dogs, "*Here, here, here.*" But before the blow was given, I was happily relieved by the whining voice and wagging tail of one of my favorite dogs. This panic was more agitating than the first. But I arrived home, and crept softly into bed, and made no report of my adventure to the family.

On another occasion the dogs treed a wild-cat early in the night. Thinking it to be a fox,

I went up to make it jump off, that the dogs might have a race. But in this I was mistaken; it was a wild-cat. It growled fearfully, and came at me. I knocked it off with my fist, it sprang to the ground and eluded the grasp of the dogs. They ran it almost out of hearing, but returned still in chase. It treed not far distant. I sent a small negro boy I had with me for my shot-gun. He came, and I fired at it twice. I climbed up again, and as it came toward me I again knocked it off. He again eluded the dogs, and took another tree larger and higher than either of the preceding. I again fired at him, but to no purpose. Again reloaded, then felled a smaller tree against the one he was on, climbed up till near him, I shot, he fell. I triumphed and returned home at midnight. It was the largest animal of the race that had ever been seen.

[The account which he gives of his school-boy days is interesting, as indicating the means of education which were in use at that early period in the history of Kentucky. In the summer of '92 or '93, his father sent him and his youngest sister to school, six or seven miles distant, going on the Monday and returning on the Friday of each week. Two or three years afterward, when in the eighteenth year of his age he resumed his course of study.]

But now commences a new era in my juvenile life. My father having seven children to provide for, and being in moderate circumstances, not only from this consideration, but also from flattering representations made to him by several young lawyers of his acquaintance, that a fine harvest for that profession was in full prospect in Kentucky, was induced to select me for that profession, thinking, if I succeeded in that calling, I could more readily support myself in future domestic life. With this object in view, and having previously made the necessary arrangement for books, boarding, etc., I set out with him for Greensburg, county seat of Green county, on first day of January, 1795. We arrived late in the evening, and lodged with Mr. John Allen, the place selected for my boarding. I was now in my eighteenth year. I was first under the superintendence of Jas. Allen, Esq., who was a young lawyer and clerk of the county. With him I commenced Rudiman's Latin grammar, which I went through in two weeks, including the revision. During my stay there, some eight or nine months, I read all the Latin authors commonly used in those days, amounting to *nine* books, from *Corderius* to *Ovid* inclusive. I also committed to memory several lengthy orations—Cicero against Verres, Cataline, etc. These I

sometimes, for amusement, as well as practice, delivered at the top of my voice from some of the tallest poplar saplings, which yet remained on the unimproved lots of the newly laid off town. The spot had been formerly cultivated, but long since abandoned on account of the Indians, and now had grown up into a dense and flourishing thicket, or young forest. From this elevated position my oratory could be heard all over this new and growing village. The orations were selected from the "Art of Speaking," a book of the 12 mo. size. I memorized from two to three pages of this book from daylight to breakfast in the morning.

Time rolls on. The spring of '96 arrives. My eighteenth year is closed. My studies must be resumed. The "Kentucky Academy," recently established at Pisgah, Woodford county, is my next place of location. At this Institution I spent eighteen months of the most interesting and important portion of my early life. Here I entered upon a most ardent and persevering pursuit after literary acquirements. During all the time of my sojourn here, I pursued my literary studies with uncommon ardor and industry. My candle was often burning until 12 or 1 o'clock at night, after all had long laid down to sleep. Many nights I slept not more than four hours. Never did any one

read with more avidity, a novel or romance, than I did the story of Dido and Eneas in Virgil. I sometimes got 400 lines at a lesson. I read the Odes of Horace in nine days, including the revision. Passed rapidly through the "Satires," "Cicero's Orations;" then the Greek Testament, Lucian's Dialogues, and then was forwarded with the foremost class, which had just commenced the second book of Xenephon's Cycropœdia, which author was as far as I ever went in the dead languages.

CHAPTER III.

Early Religious Impressions—At Twelve years of Age in Maryland—At Fourteen at Home—At Eighteen in Greensburg—At Nineteen at Pisgah—At Twenty-two at Lexington—Sudden Death of His Father.

AFTER spending twelve or fourteen months at Pisgah, he found his health giving way under his severe course of study, and returned to his labor on the farm and to his sports in the woods. In the autumn of 1799, when he was in the twenty-second year of his age, he went to Lexington to finish his education, at the Transylvania University. But his studies were, in the course of a few weeks, suddenly terminated by the death, first of his mother, then soon afterwards of his father. These events changed the course of his life. But it is necessary, at this point, to go back in the narrative, and trace the progress of his religious experience from the beginning up to the close of his residence at the university, and the death of his parents.

[Of his early religious impressions he thus writes:]

Of these I was not wholly destitute in those

days; but how to account for their origin and character I have found no small difficulty. I was considered a retiring and unassuming backwoods boy. Nothing rash, vile, outbreaking or immoral in my character. From what I read at school, and incidentally learned elsewhere, I believed in a judgment to come; everlasting happiness and misery. "*Eternity*," "*forever*, "*Endless duration*," were fearful terms, and terrible for me to think upon. I knew no religion but external morality; and, because I did not swear and do many other wicked things, I considered myself in a tolerably safe condition. Yea, I thought I kept my accounts with my Maker pretty well squared up. I knew no more of utter sinfulness—the need of regeneration—the agency of the Spirit—the need of atonement—the mediation of Christ, etc., etc., than a dark, untutored Indian. The thought that I might die suddenly; that death might unexpectedly overtake me before I had straightened up every thing, was perplexing. How I got the impression, I can not tell; yet, I firmly believed that, if any thing should remain against me unadjusted, and father or mother, or any one else, would pray for me after death, all would be right, and no charge would be against me at the day of judgment. But here again I became unsettled and doubtful. I was

not assured that father or mother ever prayed at all; or, if they did, possibly I might be forgotten, and then all was over with me. I could not do the work myself, nor by any means awaken their attention and sympathies in my behalf. Here then was the crisis,—the turning point. What course should I pursue? Why, just this; *I must be good—altogether a good man* before I die. But how to be *that good man*,—who is he? Where is he to be found? If I become a lawyer, will that do? No, all lawyers go to hell under a curse—"Wo unto lawyers." So thought I then. What of doctors? Never knew but one—the one who doctored me for the bite of a *mad cat*—the scars of which still remain. The doctor may be a good man, but it is very uncertain. *A preacher!* ah! that is the man, the very man for me. No mistake about his being a good man. The very *act* of *preaching* is proof certain as holy writ, that he *is* a good man. No man *would* preach; nay, no man *could* preach, unless he was a good man. So I concluded to make *sure* of the matter. I must somehow get to be a preacher, in order to make sure of *the good man* when I come to die. From that day singular as it may be, I never wavered, never hesitated one moment, as to what I would choose, were I ever called into public life. Here I find the origin, the very gem, or per-

haps the embryo existence of my earliest thoughts and impressions; erroneous as they were, that first directed and fixed my determination towards the ministry.

[This statement appears to relate to the period of early youth, before the removal of the family to Kentucky, and consequently while he was not more than twelve years of age, after the settlement of the family in Marion county.]

In the summer of 1792 or 1793, father sent me and my youngest sister to school, about six miles distant, to a Methodist preacher, Rev. Thomas Kyle, with whom we boarded from Monday till Friday evening, weekly. On a certain day in every month there came along the *Circuit Rider*, who, by request of our teacher, heard the pupils rehearse a small catechism at the close of the forenoon session. This he did as we stood in spelling ranks. I stood head uniformly, had memorized the catechism, and answered with the rest. He then proceeded to prayer and exhortation, with great vehemence and effervescence, until nearly the whole female part of the school became in a perfect uproar, crying for mercy, exhorting careless brothers and some others of the male sex to repent and give up their hearts to God.

The scene lasted, perhaps, for one hour, when all became still as ever. The preacher retir-

ed; our dinners were eaten; playtime was attended to in the usual style, so that no one would have known that any thing unusual had occurred. Father hearing of these things, and not liking the course pursued, requested and obtained permission to withdraw sister and myself on these occasions. This was granted with some reluctance. I withdrew to some retired place, and either read or cyphered, during the religious exercise which increased in noise and vehemence. When over, all was lively and gay as ever. On my return to the school-house, I was hailed with the jocular, sportive language, "Here comes the lost sheep," "here comes the prodigal," etc.

After the usual playtime was over, I was instructed by the teacher (being furthest advanced) to open school, and superintend until his return, which was after three o'clock, P. M., that being the hour to which his fast extended, according to the catechism we had been taught. One question was, "How often did the ancient Christians fast?" Ans.—"Every Wednesday and Friday, till three o'clock in the afternoon."

The girls, increasing in their zeal, held, through the summer, any playtime, religious meetings in the woods, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another. You might hear them at the top of their voices nearly a

mile. One or two lead in prayer, until all joined in the outcry. Sometimes they were interrupted by the howling of the wolf; or, more likely, some of the biped race aping the quadruped for his own amusement. Then they would scamper like an affrighted flock of sheep, until they reached the school-house. At length, toward autumn, they occupied the school-house exclusively; the boys having received orders to leave, and not interrupt them. The autumn approaching—the days shorter and cooler—the novelty ceasing, the whole affair died away, leaving no trace of real piety, and not one to join the church by public profession. During all this time I had but very faint, if any religious impressions at all. I was opposed to all this religious parade, chiefly because my father was: sometimes I thought on the subjects of former days, and occasionally I attempted to pray, but could use no form or words but the Lord's prayer.

[During his residence in Greensburg, his conscience was considerably quickened.]

As for my religious impressions during this period, they were few and feeble, and far between. There was no stated preaching, every thing was new and wild; all hurry and confusion, as is common in new settlements. 'Twas here I first saw and heard Rev. John Howe,

with whom I was much pleased; he had recently been licensed. Samuel Findlay, in passing, also preached a sermon or two. I do not know that I received any special benefit from the sermons of either of these men. Still, I had some impressions privately. I was induced, sometimes, on Sabbath days, feeling lonesome, and not otherwise employed, to retire far away into the woods, and there kneel down in some deep *sink-hole*, so called, and there make a futile effort at prayer. No sooner was this determination made, no matter where I was, I thought any one seeing me would suspect in a moment what I was after, and whither I was going. In order to divert any such thought, I would wander about and about, halt a little now and then, pick up sticks and pebbles, and carelessly throw them from me, until I was entirely out of sight. And often I had gotten to the selected spot, and on my knees trying to pray, it did seem to me almost certain that some one was standing just above and looking down upon me. Under this strong impression or temptation, I was constrained to stop praying, and open my eyes and look all about to see if it were not really so. Here was, as I have long since believed, the good Spirit's influence moving and drawing me toward that which is good, while the Evil One was busily engaged

with his temptations to destroy the whole.

I returned at the close of autumn, as before observed, to spend the winter at home. The object of my father, in preparing me for the law, thus far had not been realized. The motive and determination to be a preacher, should I ever be called to public life, before related, remained unaltered. Yet, I was wholly in the dark as respects my natural state, and the necessity of an inward spiritual change. I was always, for some reason or other, shy and reserved in the company of my father; but not so with my mother. She knew all my mind, and communicated to father my notions on the subject of the ministry. He was entirely acquiescent, left me to my own choice, had no objection to my becoming a preacher, *provided I could make a good one.* Though not a religious, he was a reading, intellectual man, and an excellent judge of what was called good preaching."

[While at the Pisgah school, in the nineteenth year of his age, he says:]

My religious course and feelings were greatly changed. I found myself boarding in a family where nearly all professed religion. The heads of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, two of their sons and three daughters, were members of Pisgah church. Our teacher—

James Moore, and sub-teacher—John Thompson, now the Rev. J. Thompson, of Crawfordsville, Ind., also were boarders, and professors of the same denomination; they were all Presbyterians. These two alternated with our landlord in family worship, morning and evening. I had not been there more than two weeks, when there was held, at Pisgah, a sacramental meeting; Rev. James Blythe was pastor. I saw the young people of our family go to the communion table. It was a new thing to me, I had long since come to the conclusion that *young people* had nothing to do with the sacrament, that it was intended for old people only. The young people were too unsettled, not good enough for such a solemn place; indeed, I had heard such addresses preparatory to administering the communion, called *fencing* the table, as seemed to me to debar almost any one from that holy place. I had very early settled the matter in my own mind that I was too young to think it my duty to be there; but now, for the first time, I saw young persons at the table. There I stood, surprised and convicted; I had not seen the need of church membership. Indeed, I had fixed it in my mind, that we could live as well, and go to heaven just as readily, *out* of the church as *in* it. This was quite a resting-place. External

morality, without an interest in Christ, was all the religion I knew any thing about; or, indeed, all that I thought was necessary. But now, I was as one newly wakened up. I commenced a regular course of *seeking* religion; attended public worship on every Sabbath; prayed in secret, or rather attempted to do so, every morning and evening without fail. My heart was hard, could feel no tenderness, could shed no tears. Nor did I receive, as well as I can remember, the least benefit from our preacher. No one seemed to care for my soul, nor speak to me privately on the subject of my soul's salvation. Such was not the custom of the times, nor order of the day.

But all saw that I was serious and regular in private duties; and I rather think, being a favorite in the family, that I was considered as good as any of them. I always asked a blessing at the table when called upon. At length came on, one Sabbath evening, a severe trial. The three individuals, who led in prayer, happened to be all away. "Will mother Dunlap," was the query in my mind, "have prayers to-night or not?" Will she pray herself, or call on me? I am not a member of the Church, yet they all seem to have such confidence in me, that I know not how to refuse, if asked. I had never prayed in audience of any human

being that I knew of, and how shall I attempt such a thing now? I concluded to keep close in my study, which was up stairs, over the dining-room. If she should prefer being alone with the young members of the family, provided she would pray herself, she might do so. If I am to be present, she must call or send for me. There I sat all alone, in great anxiety. I heard the tread of her feet below, when she went to the corner shelf for the Bible; traced her to the table where she laid it, followed her to the foot of the stairs—the usual position of the messenger bidding us to supper and prayers; and at the very moment of anticipation, sure enough, the sound of her voice, calling me by name, reached my ear. My heart seemed to leap up into my throat, almost to suffocation. I answered, but sat a moment to stay my agitation.

I then descended to the room; she was standing in the middle of the floor, looking to catch my eye, while I entered with my head inclined forward, looking on either side for a seat. In lifting up my head a little, I caught her eye. With an easy manner and gentle motion of her head, she directed my attention to the "stand where lay the old family Bible." I halted a moment; and then, with solemn face, proceeded, and seated myself in the chair—a position

I never occupied before. I selected the 21st chapter of John, and one of the longest hymns in Watts, in order to familiarize the service somewhat before I could reach the most trying part of it. I was fond of singing, and had a clear voice, but now it faltered, and I choked a little once or twice. One of the young ladies, an excellent singer, helped me out. The hymn, long as it was, seemed to close too soon. The hardest part of the service now came on. We bowed before the family altar. I went through as well as I could, but how, I can not tell. I did not stop, or stick by the way. No doubt it was a very feeble effort, but it was a breaking of the ice; it was the severest trial I ever encountered in any religious performance. In family or social worship, or in any after trials before Presbytery, or in the pulpit, I never felt intimidated before the face of man in religious services after that.

I frequently attended sacramental meetings, in neighboring congregations. Was fond of hearing Rev. Messrs. Marshall and Welch preach. Applied to Mr. Blythe for advice regarding the Lord's Supper. Finding that I had the ministry in view, he thought I had better mature the matter well, and defer it a little longer till I myself could be better satisfied—that it was of great importance to be

well grounded, with as full an assurance as possible in view of such a responsible undertaking. Yet, he stated that he felt it his duty and privilege to give me a "token" of admittance at that time, if I insisted. So far from that, however, I was perfectly willing to defer the matter for the present. Thus I continued without any distinct, sensible change of my views and feelings till I left, in the fall of '99, about the middle of my twentieth year. That I had become considerably in advance of what I formerly was in regard to my religious feelings, duties and desires, as well as knowledge, there can be no question, still I was much in the dark. I needed instruction, especially on the nature and evidences of Christian experience. I am better satisfied now, at this distant period, that I was under the gracious influence and manuduction of the Spirit, silently and gradually drawing me along, than I had any idea at that time; and to this day, like Richard Baxter and others, I never have been able to point out with *certainty*, the very *time* and *place* where I obtained religion, if ever at all. This defect, as I considered it, for a long time gave me no small anxiety and uneasiness. But from this perplexity I have been long relieved, fully believing, after diligent search, that it is by no means a *sine qua non* to real godliness. Never mind

the exact *time* and *place*, however agreeable and disagreeable, if we have the experience, the evidence, the fruits of true religion. Many have professed to know and define the time and place of their conversion, who have after all found themselves sadly mistaken. The tract on "growth in grace," by Dr. Goodwin, is an excellent guide and assistant to one perplexed on this subject; so is Edwards on "The Affections." This book I read privately at home, and after I had made a public profession of religion. It took me through a severe ordeal. In the forepart I was cast off, stripped bare, torn in pieces; but in the latter I was enlightened, encouraged, and strengthened, and gradually more and more established. It is one of the safest and surest guides to ascertain the existence of real religion that I know of among all human productions. The book was not extensively known at that time, and how it fell into my hands I am not now able to say.

[On his arrival at Lexington, in October, 1799, when in the twenty-second year of his age, a decisive incident occurred, which he thus states:

When I arrived I found a sacramental occasion on hand. I had concluded for some time that it would not do for me to live out of the Church any longer. I thought, perhaps,

were I to take the sacrament, it would produce that tenderness of feelings the absence of which I had so long lamented. My notions about the sacrament were extravagant, supposing the use of the elements would act like a charm, producing at the moment of contact a feeling of sensibility so needful and so much desired. This, I supposed, after struggling so long to get up good feeling, was all that was wanting; and the first opportunity I met with I was determined to make the trial. But now what shall I do. It was Saturday evening. Friday always the fast day, before communion, in these days, and on which I had placed great reliance in the way of preparation, had passed by, and I had lost the opportunity. Still determined to try the experiment, so firmly fixed in my mind, I must now do the best I could. I must pray that night and next morning with more earnestness and fervency. The solemn crisis arrived. I applied to Dr. Blythe for a *token*, which he unhesitatingly gave me, asking me no questions. He probably thought of my former aplication, or rather, that I was already a church member. The day was cold and chilly. The old frame house appeared more like an open barn than a church. I took my seat at the lower end of the table, no one being below

me. My anticipations were dreadfully disappointed. The services, as usual, were lengthy. The wind blew on me till I was almost shivering. No good feeling, of course, in body or soul. What a disappointment! The tempter came in like a "roaring lion." "Now you have done for yourself; you have committed the unpardonable sin; you have 'eaten and drunken damnation' to yourself." I felt miserable. This was the first, and was to be the last sacrament. I had definitely concluded never to try another. But the Lord was pleased to order it otherwise. The church of Hardins Creek, now Lebanon, was vacant. Good old Father Templin had left for the lower end of the State, Dr. Blythe had a sacramental meeting there next month, November. It was Indian summer, the weather fine and pleasant. In regard to the sacrament, I had somehow become better instructed, my sails were lowered, extravagant notions about it dissipated or removed. Some favorite religious friends had come on to attend the meeting. I felt so much encouraged as to determine to try it again. I did so, and arose from the table with renewed strength and satisfaction, and for years after felt more and more so, on any occasion when I had an opportunity of attending.

[The narrative comes down to the death of his parents, and to the changes which that event introduced into his course of life.]

Arrangement having been made, I once more left the parental roof, with high expectations of completing my literary course, hitherto so often interrupted. For the sake of cheapness, as well as to compel me to take exercise, I took boarding at Mr. Alexander Smith's, about two miles distant, north of Lexington. I commenced the review of Cicero and Xenophon. I had just gotten fairly under way, getting off the rust of two years' absence from literary pursuits, when I was startled and almost overwhelmed with sorrow at the unwelcome news of my beloved mother's death, which happened on the 31st of January, 1800 [just 58 years to a day before the death of her son].

This was a severe stroke to one whose mother was dearer to him than all the family besides. I went home a short time, to condole and sympathize with the family, and then returned to my studies again.

I had scarcely recovered from this sore affliction when I received a letter from my sister, urging my speedy return on account of the dangerous illness of our father, from a severe attack of pleurisy, his old complaint that had endangered his life several times before.

What should I do? The next day was the set time for our public exhibition. I had prepared an oration on "Domestic Manufactures," so much needed at that time. Besides, I had a very important part to act, in a comedy, "Don Lopez," I believe, the conduct of a father in giving his daughter in marriage. My departure would be a great drawback, would make a considerable chasm in the exhibition. I was a particular favorite of Rev. Jas. Welch, the President, *pro. tem.*, and Superintendent of the Institution. He tenderly sympathized with me in my painful situation. Said he could not say "No," if I insisted upon going. But my absence would be a serious loss. Hoped that God would spare the life of my only surviving parent. That, could I trust him, and be willing to stay till the affair was over, which would be but a little past noon, next day, on my return home, I might feel better satisfied, on finding things better than I had feared. Besides, he would call in my active assistance to prompt the boys, help to arrange their different costumes, etc., all of which would keep my mind withdrawn from the painful anxiety and foreboding respecting my father's illness. These suggestions had their influence, and I concluded to stay. The night was a restless one. To realize father's death, the great destitution of the

family—what would become of us all—indeed were painful reflections. The morning arrived, the time for the exhibition came on—the audience was large—the exhibition closed at two o'clock P. M. I made all haste to my boarding house, took a hasty repast, mounted my horse, and rode twenty miles that afternoon. Had over thirty yet to go. The day was one of peculiar anxiety and suspense. I met travelers, who, I felt certain, could tell me the fact whether father was living or not. I was afraid to inquire. I rode thus far all the day alone, and when within eight miles of home, one who knew me fell in company and rode a short distance with me. Both were silent after the salutation, and I was solemn. At length he broke the silence. "I reckon," said he, "you have not been home since your father's death?" I could make no reply. Nor can I ever forget the peculiar and indescribable emotions of the occasion. I arrived home; but who can describe the scene! An elder sister—the junior members of a bereaved and distressed family—all orphan and helpless—a younger brother and three small sisters—the colored ones, too—all met me crying. I am not able to say now how I got through this affecting scene.

But the Lord helped me beyond all concep-

tion and expectation. My father had died the day on which I had received my sister's letter, the 9th day of April, just two months and nine days after the death of our dear mother. He was buried the next day, the day of our exhibition, and most likely about the time I was acting my part on the stage. This I often regretted, but never felt any compunction of conscience, or self-reproach, considering the circumstances under which I was placed.

CHAPTER IV.

Struggles with Domestic Cares—Spiritual Struggles—Camp Meeting at Cane Ridge—At Hite Spring—First Efforts as a Public Exhorter—Blessings of God on his Labors.

WHAT sudden and unexpected changes had followed each other in so short a time! From the college walls I was suddenly translated to take my position at the head of a destitute family. I was at this time within a month of closing my twenty-second year. I considered my literary pursuits now at an end! all access to the pulpit completely barred, so that I unhesitatingly abandoned all hope or expectation of arriving at that holy calling. I had now in a measure to occupy the place of my father: I was head of the family. Wrought on the farm day and night. Every thing was behind on account of his illness and death. I had likewise to be administrator of his estate, guardian for the children, defender of our *terra firma*, against a powerful opponent; and public innkeeper, where many travelers resorted for entertainment, not knowing of the death of their former favorite host and hostess. Here was work for an older and more experienced

head than mine. On a review at this distant period, I often wonder how I surmounted all these difficulties. But God helped me, or I certainly must have failed. I did not know then what was before me.

Considering the family now as my own, I thought it my duty to set up family worship. My oldest sister, though not under religious impressions, acquiesced when I made the proposal. I commenced right away the same evening after my return. We needed God's assistance very much in our destitute condition, and it was proper we should ask it of him.

In the discharge of the duty of family worship there were appalling difficulties enough to discourage a youthful practitioner; at night there would be from six to twelve travelers around the fire-side, some of them infidels, with only now and then one of some Christian denomination. When I found any of this latter class present, I felt myself encouraged and strengthened very much. When the little table with the books lying thereon was brought up, some seemed uneasy, and some surprised. I gave them to understand what my practice was, but if they felt fatigued and preferred to retire, I offered to show them their resting-place; but few availed themselves of this suggestion. They generally preferred, perhaps out

of respect, to remain during the service. Some would join in singing the hymn! which afforded me considerable courage and pleasure. In prayer, some stood, others kneeled. Sometimes I had a little brush with an infidel on the evidences of Christianity, etc.

But I felt obliged to omit the duty of family worship in the morning—travelers were eager to be on their journey—the children were preparing for school, etc. When I would attempt it on Sabbath mornings, I was frequently interrupted by the approach of travelers. But amid all these outward difficulties, in addition to my own feebleness and youthful inexperience, I rejoice this day that God put it into my heart to begin, and that he enabled me "to pray and not to faint." I believe now, though I did not know it then, that I was the only one who was in the habit of praying in the family, in all the region round about; and soon it was noised about, to the great wonder and surprise of many, that so young a man, and under such circumstances, should be found engaged in holding family worship. But this very circumstance, as will shortly appear, was the introduction to my further public usefulness.

Besides the cares and avocations already numerous and pressing, which required my attention, was a horse-mill of a popular character,

so as to attract customers from all quarters. I was forced sometimes to be miller myself till I could get a permanent superintendent; but if it got the least out of repair, no one could refit it but myself; and this skill and advantage I acquired by assisting my father in his lifetime. I was often called to aid him in dressing the stones, fixing the wheels, etc. This business I had no partiality for, but I found it to be of singular advantage to me, though often perplexing and onerous; greatly at times, interfering with spiritual duties and other avocations.

In the meantime, my oldest sister and housekeeper, Anna, was married to a Mr. James Wilson, of Virginia, and left me. True I had a younger sister, just in her teens, who acted her part in that capacity better than I could have anticipated.

During all this time of hurry, anxiety and change, enough to have employed the wisdom and energies of the most experienced minds—my religious feelings and exercises always feeble and hesitating at best, for the want of stated opportunities, and healthful, invigorating means of grace—suffered a considerable depression. My private duties were formal and less frequent —my reflections were unpleasant—my feelings lifeless—my hopes were almost extinct. About

the middle of June, 1801, was the Cane Ridge meeting in Bourbon county; it was the time of the great revival, particularly in the southern and western portions of Kentucky. The *falling-down exercise*, as it was called, was in full operation. I was determined, if possible, to attend this meeting, respecting which great expectations were formed.

Having made my arrangements, placing the family under suitable protection, I attended the meeting. A great and solemn one it was, sure enough. I shall not attempt a description of this meeting, of its extent and outward appearance. This has been repeatedly done by other writers. As to myself, I had fancied, that no sooner than I would reach the place and enter the religious atmosphere, I would enjoy quite a different feeling from that which I had so long experienced and lamented. I expected to fall quite soon, or experience some softening, pleasing, inward ecstacy—something I could not tell what. But, to my great disappointment, I felt unmoved, cold, and hard as a stone. I went from tent to tent, witnessing many prostrate as though dead, or dying—persons all around singing and praying. Though fond of singing myself, I could not join with them. I retired to a tent to sleep, but I could not. I thought of home, and wished myself there.

The tempter told me I had no business there, that the family needed my presence, and that some accident would befall them during my absence, so that I had "neither joy nor song." Thus I continued until the hour of preaching next day, which was the Sabbath. The preacher in the morning was my old favorite, Rev. Robert Marshall. He occupied the stand while another occupied the church, a short distance apart. I chose the stand, of course. The congregation was immense. The text was Cant. ii: 10, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away." In the course of the sermon my case was described exactly. The preacher, if I may so say, "*struck the trail*" of my experience some distance back, and came on plainer and plainer, and at every step more sensibly, and with more effect. At length he came right up with me—my religious state and feeling were depicted better than I could have possibly done it myself. "Rise up my love" was pressed upon me in the tenderest and most affectionate manner. I thought, indeed, it was the heavenly bridegroom calling and inviting his poor, feeble and falling one to rise from my low condition, and come away and follow him more entirely. My heart was melted! my bosom heaved! my eyes, for the first time, were a fountain of tears. I stood behind one of the

benches leaning forward against its back. I wept till my handkerchief was saturated with my tears. I felt like giving away. I felt an indescribable sensation, as when one strikes his elbow against a hard substance. I do not say that mine was the prevailing exercise, or that it did not arise from natural causes. So it was; my position was discovered by a friend standing near me. He took hold on me, and gently drew me beside him, with my head in his lap. There I continued weeping, talking, praying, exhorting, etc., till the sun was no more than two hours high. The sermon had closed—seven courses of sacramental service had passed—but which I was not in a condition to attend.

But the embargo was removed, and I was set at liberty. I greatly enjoyed the meeting, as long as I remained. As to the duration of my exercise, it appeared to me to have been not more than one hour. And one thing I shall never forget, that weeping, dissolved, humbled situation was so suited to my case—something like it had, all along, been so much desired, that I seemed to covet its uninterrupted continuance; so much so, that could an instrument of writing insuring it, been presented for my signature, I could have signed it with avidity —signing and sealing it for life—to continue in such a frame, while it pleased God to continue

my being here. This I know is extravagant, but some allowance is to be made for one in my circumstances, who, for the want of religious training, was so deficient in religious knowledge, and especially who had longed after and depended so much upon religious feeling. To say this was the time of my *change of heart*, I will not. I hope that had taken place before. I rather considered this a revival, an enlarged manifestation of that grace which had been communicated to me before; but which had undergone much obscurity and depression.

[Two months after the camp-meeting at Cane Ridge, another was held at Hite's Spring, near Harrodsburg.]

The meeting was one of great interest and solemnity; though not so large, it was of a type or complexion much like the one at Cane Ridge two months before. I shall not attempt an enlargement here, my main object being to follow the train of Providential dealings with respect to myself.

Late on Sabbath afternoon, the evening repast having been attended to, and while arrangements were being made for coming services, the voice of praise was to be heard in different places. There sat around me several of my friends and acquaintances, from the destitute region where I resided in Washington county

(now Marion). I commenced an easy, familiar, tender conversation with them, relative to our destitute and deplorable condition, as having no preaching, no stated public means of grace, the miserable way in which we had been living, and what, at last, was to be the end of all. Some five or six were moved to tears; indeed there was deep and tender emotion, sobs, with heaving bosoms, and suppressed crying. I could not stand that. The flood of sympathy that had been broken up at Cane Ridge, was now ready to overflow with a swelling tide at this interesting crisis. I commenced praying, and continued with great fervency and feeling, as was estimated by those present, for the space of at least an hour. This exercise was immediately succeeded by exhortation, which continued several hours longer, and till exhaustion took place, and I was either persuaded or compelled to desist. A dense crowd was standing around all the time, many weeping, some fallen prostrate and crying for mercy. This I have called an involuntary exercise, and was probably, at the time, considered by some as a mere spasmodic effusion. So it was. God made it the occasion of the first awaking of some persons present, who subsequently declared that to be the fact, in offering themselves for membership in the first church committed to my

charge, called *Union*, as will be noticed hereafter. One of the persons arrested at that time became an elder of that church. Surely we may say, "What hath God wrought?"

But now came scenes of interest and cases of responsibility like a rolling tide, thicker and faster upon me, without any special agency of my own. I had returned from the meeting but a few days, when quite late one evening, I was sent for, somewhat over a mile, on an errand, the like of which had never been known before in that region. It was a new thing under the sun, among that people. A young man had returned from that meeting with a "sharp arrow in the heart of the King's enemy." He was so deeply impressed that he could find no rest, day nor night; he must have some one to pray for him. There is only one who is known to pray in the family, in all the neighborhood, the same who prayed and exhorted so conspicuously at the "lay-meeting." That is the man; he must be sent for.

When I arrived, sure enough, I found him deeply distressed. I talked with him, sung, "Then pity Lord—O Lord forgive," one of my favorite songs, and prayed for him as well as I could, and returned home.

The next evening, after dark, while sitting all alone, the rest of the family having all re-

tired to bed, there was a rapping at my door which I apprehended to be a late traveler seeking his resting-place for the night. But how was I disappointed in seeing the same black messenger on a similar errand as on the evening before. Being late, and having no time to lose, I mounted the messenger's horse, bareback, except a small saddle-blanket—took him behind me, and away we went through the dark forest, over a newly cut road, full of stumps and other annoyances, until we arrived at the house where I was expected. Two men were in waiting to see me before I entered. They informed me of their particular intention in sending for me. Besides the distressed man there was a number of others in the house, who had come there through sympathy and curiosity to see a man distressed on account of his soul. That it had been agreed upon to send for me as late as it was, under the belief and expectation that I would address them; and under this impression the people had been detained. I told them I could not comply with their wishes; that I had no official authority to speak in public; that but recently having been a church member, and not being acquainted with the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church, I might violate rules, etc.;

and, further, though I had exhorted at the camp-meeting, it was an *involuntary* effusion—not having the proper control of my judgment and feelings at the time—but to undertake the thing coolly and deliberately, I feared I would not be able to succeed. These reasons appeared to have weight, and my refusal seemed reasonable. At any rate, they insisted I must sing and pray. To this I assented, and the more readily, if they would join in and help me out. One, an elder brother of the distressed man, and a Methodist by profession, agreed to pray. We went in. Some dozen or twenty persons were in the house. All appeared serious and solemn. No noise in the house, save the sobs and cries of the young man. I spoke a few words to him in a low voice. Began, as before to sing, "Show pity, Lord," etc., as the most suitable words I could select. We knelt down, and I prayed as I could. I think his brother, agreeable to promise, also prayed. When I rose to my feet it appeared that every eye was fixed upon me; they expected me to hold forth, not knowing that I had previously declined saying any thing. I felt, however, constrained to say something, I could not tell what. I would not call it exhortation, but a little plain, easy talk. I attempted to portray an irreligious

condition, the great need of something more and better, I forgot my *little talk*, and soon got up to the strain of exhortation.

This first attempt seemed to be favorably received. The meeting was closed. Informing my neighbors that being disappointed in my desires for public life, and having been brought back providentially among them, at least for awhile, and wishing to do them all the good I could, as a neighbor and as a private citizen, I left an appointment for the same place, naming the evening, and withdrew.

My new friend from Virginia, Mr. Andrew Cunningham, insisted on my returning home with him that night, stating that his wife was in a distressed state of mind, and had a particular wish to see me. She had professed "to have obtained a good hope through grace," in Virginia, but owing to various causes, she had not publicly owned Christ—had neglected to join herself to his people—had become lifeless and unbelieving, and was strongly tempted to conclude that she had committed the unpardonable sin. I went and found it as had been represented. I sat up till after midnight, conversing with and instructing her as well as I was able. My visit on this occasion, I have reason to believe, was beneficial. She was greatly relieved, and at the proper time united herself

to the Church—both she and her husband—who was afterward chosen ruling elder of Bethel Union, and so continued until the day of his death.

It was noised abroad that "little Tommy Cleland," as I was familiarly called, had commenced *preaching*. At the appointed time I found the house filled to overflowing. There was considerable seriousness and solemnity. Here a younger sister of Mrs. Cunningham, was seriously awakened, and perhaps some others. At a second meeting at the same place, the ensuing week, another sister was, for the first time, brought under pungent conviction. Both sisters shortly afterward professed hope in Christ, and both continue this day, as they have for many years, to adorn the doctrines of God and our Savior, by a holy walk and godly conversation. Two other sisters became afterward the fruits of my early ministry—all yet living.

The next effort I made by appointment was at my grand-father's (Richards). This appointment was made for Sabbath afternoon, an hour or two before sunset. A vast multitude, attracted by novelty or curiosity, attended. The house could hold but a small portion of them. We had to resort to the yard in front—the door-steps to be used as the platform. Two

preachers were present—one of the Methodist and the other of the Baptist persuasion. I earnestly requested them, as they were authorized preachers, to go forward and commence the meeting. They both refused, saying, the people would be disappointed, having all come out expecting to hear me; that I must lead the way at all events, and they would follow and aid me all they could. I took my stand on the door-steps, singing, praying, exhorting, I scarcely knew how. I was not agitated—I opened my mouth, and utterance was given me. There was no stop—no stammering. The multitude, densely standing together, was greatly moved. The two preachers went in among them, singing, praying, exhorting. Some fell to the ground, and others pressed around, begging us most earnestly and feelingly to pray for them. I was in a sitting posture, on the grassy yard; some fell across my legs, as they were extended; others kneeling all around me; so that I was, for awhile, almost crowded to suffocation. In that position I prayed for them, exhorted and encouraged them to flee to Christ. The two preachers, Robert Chambers, Methodist, and Owen Owens, Baptist, were actively employed in other parts of the crowd.

This meeting, I have reason to hope, was attended with favorable results. Another was appointed the next Sabbath, at the same time and place. The evening was fair and pleasant; the people flocked in crowds, from the distance of ten miles around. The two preachers, with one other from Springfield (Rev. Jesse Head), were again in attendance. I felt my great weakness and responsibility. The task and burden appeared great, and really overwhelming, for one so young and inexperienced. While the people were gathering from all quarters, I retired into a little back room, partly to compose myself, and to reflect and pray, and likewise to give opportunity to the ministers present to commence the service. But, no, this must not be. I was hunted up in my private retirement. I had lain myself down upon the bed, and was willing to remain there, while one of the ministers should go forward and preach a short sermon. But all my stratagems and pleadings were unavailing. Go forward I must and did, pursuing the same course, with similar results, only more extensive than those that attended the previous meeting.

Here was the commencement of the first revival of religion ever enjoyed by that neighborhood. It was the work of God, and not

the work of man. This must appear evident from the whole aspect of it, as well as from the feeble instrumentalities employed in it.

There being no organized church of the Presbyterian denomination in the neighborhood, and myself having no *official authority* to do any thing, and, indeed, fearful lest I was a violator of good order, a number who professed religion were either proselyted, or induced to join the different denominations around, especially those represented by those ministers who participated on the several occasions. There were, however, some dozen or so who held on, until a church, of which I subsequently became pastor, was organized, and with which they became ecclesiastically connected.

CHAPTER V.

His Marriage—Character of Mrs. Cleland—Appearance in Presbytery as a Candidate for the Ministry—Difficulties and Encouragements—Second Appearance in Presbytery in 1802—Method of Study—Third Appearance in Presbytery—Fourth Appearance and Licensure in 1803—Early Labors in the Ministry—Organization of Union Church—Ordination, October, 1804—Missionary Tour to Vincennes in 1805.

[On the 22d of October, 1801, a few weeks after the meeting at Hite's Spring, Mr. Cleland was married to Miss Margaret Armstrong, daughter of the late Capt. John Armstrong, within the bounds of the New Providence Church, of which he was afterward the pastor. Of this excellent and godly woman, he himself says, writing in 1848—]

This union, should it continue till the ensuing fall (1848), will have completed forty-seven years. This is the one divinely allotted to me, kind, attentive, plain, industrious, frugal, and, above all, I hope pious; she has in various ways helped me forward in the ministry. She has made me the father of ten* children—seven

* These are: Elizabeth Cleland (Mrs. Jer. Wm. Pawling), born September 2, 1802. Paulina Cleland, born May 14, 1804. Priscilla A. G. Cleland, born July 18, 1806. Clarinda C. Cleland, born Aug. 17, 1808. Philip S. Cleland, born Nov. 27, 1811. John W. Cleland, born Feb. 24, 1814. Thos. H. Cleland, born Dec. 19, 1816. Mary L. Cleland, born May 29, 1819. William E. Cleland, born Oct. 19, 1824.

of whom are yet living, doing well as to the things of this world—all members of the Presbyterian Church.

[Writing again, January 31, 1855, just three years before his own death, he says—]

Since the foregoing sketch was penned (in the fall of 1848) various changes have occurred which deserve special notice. The most afflictive one is the death of my good wife, which distressing bereavement took place the 24th of April, 1854. A young minister, who was one of my theological pupils, says: "Mrs. Cleland was one of the best women in Kentucky, and a better minister's wife I never knew." She was much esteemed by a large circle of friends and relatives, far and near. Her loss in the congregation and neighborhood is universally regretted. I need not say how much I feel her absence in my lonely hours, both night and day. She was a little over 75 years old when she died. My dear mother died 55 years ago this day.

[To this tender and delicate tribute to the memory of Mrs. Cleland not a word should be added by another hand. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her.

The marriage took place during the session of Presbytery, in the New Providence Church.

He thus relates what took place in Presbytery the same evening—]

The Presbytery, consisting of three ministers—a bare quorum—being invited, had adjourned to the place of marriage. Some time after supper—ten or eleven o'clock—I was conducted by one of the members (Mr. Cameron) before the body, for the purpose, as I supposed, of obtaining the license for exhortation, as had been intimated by Mr. Robertson, who, as yet, was not a member of Presbytery.

They first examined me on experimental religion; then respecting my views of what constituted a call to the ministry—all which I supposed was necessary, and preparatory to the anticipated license. The next inquiry was as to how far I had progressed in my course of literature, and if I had not had in view the gospel ministry. Having received the desired information, the next inquiry was, Could I not be induced to become a candidate for the gospel ministry? To this I replied without any hesitation in the negative. I readily stated my difficulties, which had all been looked at again and again—all fresh in my recollection, and considered long since as insurmountable—so much so that, immediately on my father's decease, that matter had been palpably and finally settled. They labored with me to remove, at

least, the most appalling difficulties; and at any rate urged upon me a reconsideration of the subject, and at the same time inviting me to another interview with them next morning, hoping by that time that my views on that subject might undergo some favorable change.

The morning arrived, and agreeable to promise and expectation, I was again before the Presbytery. But I was just where they had left me; I had made no progress on the subject under consideration. I was still, and to the last, as determined on the negative as before. With a vast amount of domestic cares and other avocations—with an unfinished education—no theological instructor, and no books to aid my studies, how was it possible for one in my condition to think of entering the pulpit!

Again the Presbytery labored in all kindness and tenderness to bring my mind to an acquiescence. Being apprized of the peculiarities of my case and circumstances, they gave me to understand that all allowance would be made, and all leniency exercised, and any assistance in their power should be rendered. All these encouragements, however, did not relieve my apprehensions, or relieve me from my embarrassments. I still responded unhesitatingly and candidly in the negative. I could not conscientiously do otherwise. They then selected a

text for me to write on, 1 Cor. ix: 16: "Wo is me, if I preach not the gospel." This was considered an appropriate subject for reflection—that it might lead my mind in the right direction—and that by the Spring Presbytery, which they wished me to attend, I might be fully satisfied as to the path of duty. In the meantime I had privilege to hold social meetings, to exhort my neighbors; and endeavor in that and in other ways to do them all the good I could.

Thus I considered the matter at an end until the next spring—that I was on a kind of probation, and left entirely optionary with me whether to make the effort or not, at the spring meeting of the Presbytery. Not having any knowledge of Presbyterial proceedings, I no more dreamed of being regularly entered as a candidate for the gospel ministry than I did of being registered among the Levites as a candidate for the office of high priesthood. But so it is. I stand recorded on their minutes as having been introduced to the notice of Presbytery as a candidate for the gospel ministry. The usual examination on experimental religion—my views of what constituted a call to the gospel ministry—all sustained, and the above text assigned me as a part of trial for the next Presbytery, I was thus, I may say, completely taken in; or, to speak more technically,

"*lassoed*," as the Mexicans do their wild horses to train them for future usefulness. Of one thing I am certain: I did not appear *voluntarily* before the Presbytery and say, "Here am I, send me." Yet I hope I am not one of those who run, not being sent.

From these new and interesting scenes I turn toward home with additional cares and responsibilities. They were great enough before, as one might think, for one of my age and inexperience—being now five months in my twenty-fourth year. To be sure I had now procured me a suitable *help-meet* for life—the one whom "God gave to be with me."

But besides all these accumulated cares and avocations already mentioned, here is one, more weighty and responsible than them all put together—*the ministry—preparation* for the ministry—*shall I attempt it or not?* I thought my mind on that subject had been irrecoverably fixed; but now I find it must go to work again.

During the fall and winter I held religious meetings regularly every Sabbath, at one place and another, and I think nearly every other night in the week, around at different points; sometimes four or five miles distant. The labors and burdens of the day, which were neither few nor small, frequently disqualified me for this night service. But so it was; the

calls and invitations were very pressing and numerous, and almost irresistible.

One tender incident I will here relate. I had an appointment one night about five miles distant, at the house of a sick man, who was not religious. As usual the house was well filled. I used no book on these occasions but the hymn-book; but, nevertheless, to avoid a mere desultory address, I generally had a text concealed as a *nucleus* of my thoughts—as some called it afterward, "*Smothering a text.*" Around this, after a few introductory remarks, was clustered the leading thoughts of my discourse. The subject that night was God's address to Noah, Gen. vii: 1, "Come, thou and thy house, into the ark." The labors of the day had so oppressed me that I felt an unusual heaviness—a dragging—as though I was about to make a failure. The services concluded, the congregation dispersed, and I departed with the rest. On my way home I fell in company with Miss Hundly, younger sister of Mrs. Cunningham, before alluded to. She affectionately inquired of me when I would appoint a meeting at her father's house, particularly on her mother's account, who was greatly afflicted with rheumatic disease, and still without religious influence. My reply was to this effect: "I have been thinking probably I ought to make no

more appointments after having fulfilled those I have on hand." She inquired the reason for such a determination. My unusually depressed feeling that night helped to dictate my reply, which was, that "I felt discouraged, that I did not know that I was doing any good," etc., etc. Her reply was, and I shall never forget it, "If it will afford any relief to your discouragement, I can inform you that I trust the Lord has made *you* the instrument of my poor soul's salvation." I was too much affected to make any reply, and very shortly our roads parted, and I was left to wend the remainder of the road home alone. It was a starlight night. My road lay three or four miles through a dense forest. I can scarcely tell how I got home. Such an alternate exercise of depression and extacy—of joy and humility—of gratitude and grief! I had, while a student at Pisgah, fully set it down in my own mind that should I ever be the favored instrument in saving *one* soul, that would be reward enough—all I would ask—would be completely satisfied. And now, lo! even before I have even entered the sacred ministry, here is the tender intimation; yea, the astonishing annunciation, or rather the overwhelming declaration, from the lips of a living witness, that God had made

me, yes, *unworthy me*, the honored instrument of her salvation. Was it enough? Was I willing to stop here, as having an ample reward? No answer to these interrogatories is necessary.

During the winter of 1801–'2, amid a pressure of worldly avocations, with alternate elevations and depressions in regard to my present operations and future prospects and undertakings, my meetings were continued with favorable prospects, particularly on Sabbath days. Sometime during the latter end of the winter, having an appointment by invitation at the house of a Mr. Webster, one of my auditors was a female somewhat advanced in years. She informed me where she resided; said that she had formerly been a member of the Presbyterian Church in the State of Pennsylvania. She expressed an earnest desire that I would appoint a meeting at their house. I did so, and gave her the privilege of the fourth Sabbath in March. That appointment was attended with encouraging prospects; so much so, that it became, from that time until long after I entered the public ministry, the stated monthly Sabbath of my attendance there. I mention this circumstance to note the leadings of an unerring and overruling Providence, which appears to

me, at this distant period, free from all obscurity and intricacy. It will be more fully noticed in the proper place.

The text, in the meantime, which had been assigned me as a subject for consideration, was not forgotten. I examined it as well as I could. I had no living theological instructor, nor had I a half-dozen theological books: "Boston's Four-fold State;" "Booth's Reign of Grace," and, "Glad Tidings," by same author, with "Edwards on the Affections," and Pike's and Hayward's "Cases of Conscience"—the last two being of a casuistic and practical character. The nearest to a system of divinity was "Fisher's and Erskine's Explanation of the Shorter Catechism," which had been recommended to me by the Presbytery as a tolerably good outline of systematic course which I might pursue. I had no commentator at that time. After awhile I borrowed Burkett on the New Testament. I sat down, however, and as well as I could (bunglingly enough to be sure) wrote something in the shape of a sermon on that text. Still I had no thought that it was for the inspection of Presbytery. It was never transcribed.

The Presbytery was to meet early in April, 1802, at Beaver Creek Church, in Barren county, far distant from my residence. I had rather

come to the conclusion not to attend, thinking that I ought to proceed no further in the matter; that the Presbytery, as yet, had no particular supervision over me, and that I had no special claim on them. The distance, with my numerous and pressing secular concerns, aided no little to help me to this conclusion of non-attendance. But Providence ordered otherwise. Joseph B. Lapsby, an amiable young man, and nephew, by marriage, had just graduated at Lexington, Va., and was on his way to appear before Presbytery as a candidate. Being a great favorite of his aunt, my wife, and both anxious for me to go with him for company, etc., I called my mind into action, looked over my secular affairs, changed my purpose, packed up my clothes, barely thought to take my rude manuscript along—and we put out.

The Presbytery met pursuant to adjournment. Opened with sermon by moderator—constituted with prayer. The minutes of previous session were read. And let any think of my surprise when I heard it read that my name was enrolled as a candidate for the ministry—had been examined, etc., and that a text was assigned me for a written sermon, and which was soon called for to be read before the Presbytery. With some hesitation and embarrassment, as might be expected, this was done. The custom

then was for the candidate, and all who were not members, to retire, while remarks on the performance were made with closed doors. This was done in my case, and a member being appointed (the Rev. David Rice), communicated to me privately the remarks and views of the Presbytery—that my performance was sustained as a part of trial, and another assigned me (Prov. i: 23), to be read at an intermediate Presbytery, to be held early in the fall at Tick Creek (now Mulberry) Church, Shelby county, with instructions to prepare for examination on Latin and Greek, etc. As for the *study of theology*, mixed in with these studies, and almost every thing else in domestic life that could be conceived of, there was nothing said about it. I must shift for myself, and get along the best way I could. In those days there were no education societies, no theological seminaries. The custom was, if any young man wished to study theology, and prepare for the ministry, he must get in privately with some settled minister, board in his family gratuitously, perhaps, and in this solitary way arrive at length to the pulpit. But even this privilege was denied me. I was already settled in domestic life, with a destitute family depending upon me. What time I could have, under all these circumstances and privations, to study divinity and

prepare for presbyterial examination, it was impossible to conceive. Having a tenacious memory, it was not difficult for me to retain what I had read. But where was the leisure for reading? Day after day I was constantly employed. I had to take the lead in manual labor, as well as in the superintendence of domestic affairs generally. I endeavored to redeem any hour I could. The most of my reading was by candlelight, sometimes an hour or two before day, and sometimes late in the night. I was considered a good proficient in Latin and Greek, I had paid some attention to Geometry, Trigonometry, Euclid's Elements, etc. I procured and read Ferguson's Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Blair's Rhetoric, Witherspoon's Moral Philosophy, Elocution, etc. On all this I was examined, and sustained without any difficulty.

As well as I remember, things went on as well as usual until the meeting of Presbytery at Tick Creek. There I appeared again and was examined on the languages, my sermon read, and all sustained as parts of trial for licensure. Another text was given me for a popular sermon, to be delivered at Presbytery in the spring. Also further directions were given to prepare for examination on Natural and Moral Science, etc.

Where was the leisure and opportunity for

the study of divinity? This, however, must be attended to somehow. I found myself exceedingly deficient in Scriptural knowledge, as well as in didactic and polemic theology. How in my circumstances could it be otherwise? I had not been religiously brought up—no one of the family had professed religion but myself.

If licensed the ensuing spring I must expect to go through a pretty extensive examination. This I supposed would not be a very rigid one, as had been intimated, sensible of my great deficiency in Biblical knowledge and other attainments. There was one text that rested on my mind with great force (Jas. i: 5). I received its instruction implicitly, trusted in it with the utmost reliance, and derived from it great benefit. At the throne of grace I used it somewhat in this manner: Lord, here is thy servant, about to be called into thy service, who "lacketh wisdom." Thou knowest his lack of wisdom, and that he is in some measure sensible of his lack of wisdom. Now, Lord, here is thy promise, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth them not, and it shall be given him." Now, Lord, I do from my very heart, sensible of my need, ask of Thee that wisdom which it is thine to give. Do not call me into thy service, as minister to thy Church, unless thou art

pleased to bestow it." I am sure I never did rely with more confidence upon any portion of God's word than I did on this. I felt a stronger assurance that this plea would be granted in some way. I knew it would not be without exertion on my part. I was not to expect it by miracle, or by any extraordinary interposition from heaven. Satisfied that I must read and study, having no living teacher in reach, and without a library, or time to profit by it if I had one, my prayer was, that in the selection of books, as my means might enable me from time to time to procure, I might be directed to the right sort, and prevented from procuring any that might be unprofitable or detrimental to me. In this, also, I have abundant reason to believe I was divinely favored. I used very faithfully what books I had, as well as those I could borrow.

The winter season had passed away; the time for the meeting of Presbytery arrives. I had anticipated that meeting with considerable anxiety. Then my expected licensure was to take place. I had made all the preparation for examination in my power. I had prepared a sermon on the text assigned for a popular discourse (Rom. xii: 3). It was in its original state, not transcribed, and but imperfectly memorised.

Mr. Wm. Vance, also a candidate for licensure, passed examination with me—a graduate from Lexington College, Va. His sermon on the text next preceding mine was first called for, and mine was to follow. He read, and was during the performance considerably agitated. I rose after him. There was no embarrassment, no agitation—my sermon remained in my pocket. I delivered it without much difficulty; some portions were filled up extemporaneously, until I could get upon the track. Our theological examinations being gone through with, we were both licensed at the same time, April 14, 1803, in the old church at Danville, Mercer county. The good people of this and the churches in the Forks of Dix and Kentucky rivers, had made arrangements for Mr. Vance's stated ministerial services. But in this they were disappointed; for, after having preached one sermon, as introductory to his labors, to each of these churches, he was suddenly called from time to eternity. He was a young man of promise, and teacher of an academy in Danville.

His death caused great disappointment, and I shall never forget the peculiar exercises of my own mind, contemplating this inscrutable providence. I felt that the stroke of death had fallen on one just at my side—on one my supe-

rior in literature as well as in every other qualification for the Christian ministry. Why was the smooth, stately olive-tree cut down so early, while the rough, unsightly bramble, was spared—more like a cumberer of the ground than a fruit-bearing tree. But the wisdom of God so ordained it. Mr. Vance was buried beside the admired and lamented Cary Allen, in a private grave-yard, near the head of Salt river.

My first sermon after licensure was preached the same evening at Robert Caldwell's, one of the elders of the church, on a favorite text: "Come thou and thy house into the ark." This was near the close of my twenty-fourth year. Being now a licentiate, I preached more boldly, as one having authority.

By invitation I preached at Springfield, ten miles north of my residence, and at Hardin's Creek, now Lebanon. At both these places, or rather at Road's Run, near the former, Rev. Terah Templin had preached as their pastor ten years. The Road's Run church had become extinct, and in my early ministerial days had been reorganized at Springfield, which town had but recently sprung up. The other church had only a struggling existence, until some years afterward it was resuscitated. The most encouraging field of my early labors was about

eight miles in an easterly direction, in the neighborhood of the good lady's before alluded to, at whose house I had kept up a regular monthly appointment every fourth Sabbath.

It was here a church was gathered, consisting of the aged couple, the head of this family, whose names were Copeland, and seven others, who had straggled off from other regions and settled here. These were, early in the summer of 1803, while I was yet a licentiate, organized into a church, called Union, by Rev. Samuel B. Robertson, the nearest minister, now pastor of the churches of Cane Run and New Providence. These *nine* constituted the nucleus around which others were to be gathered. The meeting was held in a grove, under a large poplar and other shade trees. It was an interesting time. *Fifteen* new members were added on that occasion. At another meeting, in the fall of the same year, fifteen more were added. A small frame house was erected on the same spot which I have seen many times crowded with attentive, weeping, rejoicing persons of all classes. Over this church I was ordained in October, 1804, which numbered at that time, or not long after, over one hundred members. They were poor, and not able to invest in their call for my labors once a month more than $100.

As I had all along supported myself by manual labor, and still was compelled so to do, I thought little or nothing of what is called ministerial salary. Indeed, being raised up right in the center of these three congregations, to become their minister, it seemed as though I naturally belonged to them, and was called to preach to them, without much, if any, pecuniary remuneration. There was a subscription in the Springfield congregation of $40, and in that of Hardin's Creek of $30, and in the collecting thereof the amount fell short of these sums. From a review of my memorandum of moneys kept at that time, I did not receive, on an average, for a term of ten years, more than $150, including salary, private donations, marriage fees, etc.

The declaration of Christ to the Jews, "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," had determined me, if ever called into the public ministry, to remove elsewhere. But the declaration that "there are many devices in man's heart, nevertheless the counsel of the Lord shall stand," was forcibly illustrated in my case. It was the counsel of the Lord, as has been shewn, that I should be sent as a messenger to my own neighbors, with whom I labored with great acceptance and success, for the space of ten years.

I sometimes preached to them in my own private dwelling, as well as others in the immediate neighborhood. At Mr. Cunningham's, an elder in Union church, I preached regularly one night in each week for three years, to a regular, undiminished congregation.

Having one Sabbath not regularly occupied, but to employ on special occasions abroad, as Providence might seem to require, my neighbors of different denominations united in erecting a large, commodious log-house, as a neighborhood meeting-house, common to all, but especially devoted to my use, whenever I could preach there, on my odd Sabbath. This being central to my other places of preaching, and not having any regular organization, my appointments here were largely attended, and the result, as far as I could see, as favorable, and even more so, than at any other place—my Union Church excepted. This house was called Bethel for some years, afterward *Bethel Union*, from the circumstance that part of the Union being set off for convenience to the Perryville church, the other part below were organized at Bethel, with some from Hardin's Creek church, and assumed the appropriate name of *Bethel* Union, up to the present time.

Shortly after my licensure, by order of the Presbytery, I visited several of our southern

counties, particularly Pulaski and Wayne. I preached every day and night, to crowded, attentive, and weeping congregations. Many of them came from a distance to hear the first Presbyterian preacher they ever heard in their whole lives. I was the first of our order that had ever preached in that region. Many, as I learned, had been greatly prejudiced against our denomination. They had been taught to believe that we preached altogether from "the head"—from our *learning*, as they termed it, and not from the heart. But when they had heard for themselves, they expressed no little surprise, saying, "Why, he preaches," said one, "like a Baptist"—another, "like a Methodist," and still another, "Why, he preaches that we must be born again—he preaches up experience!" etc. But so it was. Though weak and feeble—and the Lord knows it was weak indeed—many heard, repented, believed, and were saved. The Lord gave his unworthy young servant souls for his hire, in that wild and destitute region. The people heard in those days with more docility, affection, and readiness, and with less fastidiousness than they do now. Notwithstanding, if I may be the judge, one of my sermons now, in regard to matter and manner too, is intrinsically worth more than a half dozen at least, of my early

efforts. And yet one of those sermons, hardly deserving the name, seemed to tell with more powerful effect then, than a half a dozen—even twice that number—do now. In those days my "wild notes" seemed to have more effect than all my "set music" has in the present times. During the time of my licensure, from the spring of 1803 to the fall of 1804, I had made several excursions through those destitute settlements, with encouraging success. I preached day and night, from place to place, in any house and neighborhood where the people desired it, and appointments were made.

My ordination was arranged for October, 1804, at Union meeting-house. Rev. Joshua L. Willson was ordained at the same time, as pastor of the Bardstown and Big Spring churches, their representatives being present to sanction it—an extra method adopted by the Presbytery on account of the great difficulty and impracticability of securing a quorum in those early times.

In the year 1805 he performed a missionary tour to Vincennes, Indiana, of which he gives this account:

"Transylvania Presbytery had no definite limits, in a southern direction. It also included Indiana, etc., on the north. In the spring of 1805 I was directed to visit Vincennes and the

adjoining regions. It was an uninhabited route I had to go. A small wilderness trace, with only one residence on the way, in the most destitute part of the way, to entertain me during the night. Here was my poor animal tied to a tree, fed with the grain packed in a wallet from Louisville, and myself stretched on the puncheon floor of a small cabin, for the night's rest. All passed off, however, without any detriment or discomfort. The next evening made up for all previous privations. I was welcomed and agreeably entertained at the governor's palace during my stay at Vincennes. The late Wm. H. Harrison, then a young man, with a Presbyterian wife, was governor of the Indiana Territory, as it then was. He had recently held a treaty with a certain tribe of Indians, who assembled at Vincennes.

The first sermon I preached—and it was the first ever preached in the place, at least by a Presbyterian minister—was in the council-house, but a short time before occupied by the sons of the forest. I preached, also, in a settlement twenty miles up the Wabash, where were a few Presbyterian families, chiefly from Shelby county, Ky. They were so anxious to have me settle among them that they proffered to send all the way to Kentucky to remove my family, without any trouble or expense to my-

self, besides offering me a generous support. I, somehow or other, from the beginning of domestic life, had my mind determined on residing in a *free State;* and here was an inviting prospect. I was indeed anxious to comply with their wishes. But, besides the heavy contest for my land with old Col. Shelby, now in process of litigation, the Lord was showing me special favor with my people at home by an unusual blessing upon my labors. But still they were not willing to give the matter up, and that we might have a little more time to reflect and inquire of the Lord what was his will and pleasure concerning the wished for change in my field of labor, I engaged to make them a returned visit the next year. I did return at the time appointed. The prospect seemed brighter than before. I was welcomed on all sides, by men of the world as well as by men of the church. And what was more, I was welcomed by some poor sinners too, whom the Lord gave me, as souls for my hire. And though I was prevented from settling among them, for the reason already specified, yet for a number of years afterward I received messages from those who claimed me as their spiritual father; and, for aught that I know, some remain there till the present day."

CHAPTER VI.

His Plans for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge—School of the Prophets—Removal to Mercer County—The First House of Worship at Harrodsburg Destroyed—Built and Rebuilt—Erection of New Providence Meeting-house—Great Revival of 1823–'28, and its Results.

[THE methods for self-culture, and for the diffusion of religious knowledge among the people, are not the least interesting of his reminiscenses.]

In the year 1806 I commenced a correspondence with a book-seller in Philadelphia (W. W. Woodward), who was then publishing the best theological works the times afforded, and from him I received my first invoice of books, amounting to little upward of *nine* dollars. It was indeed to me a little treasure. Here was Guise's Paraphrase of the New Testament, Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, Butterworth's Concordance, and Mason's Student and Pastor. This was the commencement of a growing, select library, which for a number of years afterward was pronounced to be the best minister's library in the whole connection. It was gathered gradually, read carefully, and digested thoroughly.

I soon found that others wanted books all

around me. I endeavored to procure them at intervals, until, in process of time, the amount of invoices from that one man was upward of $3,000. The prices then were high, and so was freight, compared with what they are now. The little discount from the retail price of books sold my neighbors, enabled me to increase my library gradually. I have often thought my library was procured in answer to prayer; and, besides the great advantage to me, I soon found that the books I scattered abroad were of not a little advantage in aiding and facilitating my ministry among a people who needed good books as well as myself.

What time I could spare from my own personal labor, which seemed necessary at particular times on the farm, I spent in reading at home and itinerating abroad, in distant settlements. Indeed, my whole field might justly be called missionary ground.

By this time my correspondence with my Philadelphia bookseller began to enlarge; my little stock of books began to increase. These I almost idolized. Every page was carefully read, and every thing new and important was noted down on a blank leaf. From this course I derived great benefit.

By my own suggestion the following plan was carried out at Union. A small box, with

lock and key, was fixed under the pulpit board, with a hole above, like a money drawer, into which were dropped small strips of paper, with such inquiries as, "What is the meaning of such and such a text?" naming the chapter and verse. "How do you reconcile such a passage with another that seems to contradict it?" Sometimes a case of conscience was stated for inquiry and advice. These papers were to be *anonymous*, for reasons that are obvious. The benefit would accrue, not only to the unknown individual, but others would become interested. The box was to be examined every day of preaching, the papers taken out and read publicly, and the answer was to be given after the close of the sermon the next day in course. This arrangement afforded me an opportunity to inform myself more fully about some of those matters that I was not prepared to answer right away. It served also, no doubt, to awaken inquiry and to excite investigation and increase attendance at the house of God. This device I found to be of considerable service to myself. There were matters brought up in this way that I had never thought of, and which occasioned no little research and investigation, in order to find out the solution. The very first draw I made contained some five or six strips, one of which presented some half-dozen apparent con-

tradictions in the Bible to be reconciled. This little instruction was attended to for some time, and became very interesting, both to pastor and people.

[It is well known that Mr. Cleland's house became "a school of the prophets" before the establishment of theological seminaries, and that several of those who took rank among the most useful Presbyterian ministers in the West, pursued their professional studies under his direction. We subjoin such notices of this part of his labors as are contained in the manuscript.]

In those days there were no education societies, no theological seminaries—none of the benevolent institutions and facilities for the promotion of literature and an educated ministry, as are every where to be found at the present day; and, moreover, there were very few pious young men any where to be found, who appeared willing to set their faces in that direction. The General Assembly saw the great scarcity of ministers in her connection, and but little prospect of a sufficient number coming forward to supply the annual decrease occasioned by death. The Assembly seeing this, and having no other remedy to afford, recommended most urgently on each Presbytery to look out within their bounds for at

least one poor and pious youth, who might be induced to turn his attention to the gospel ministry, and if they thought him a desirable object for selection, to patronize him, induce the churches to help, and to do any thing they could in this way to enlarge the number of the ministry—without which they must soon be found fast diminishing.

The first young man of this description within the bounds of Transylvania Prēsbytery was Nathan H. Hall. He was the son of a respectable Baptist preacher; but professing religion among the Presbyterians, at the same time conceiving a preference for their doctrinal views and mode of worship, he applied for admittance to membership at Danville, in the spring of 1802, on a sacramental occasion held in a grove in the suburbs of the town. There he was received and publicly baptized at the stand, in the open air, and before a large congregation. After going from one place to another, in pursuit of a literary education, he was at length placed under my supervision.

The number of young men, from first to last, who were under my supervision, as students of divinity, were some fourteen or fifteen, viz: N. H. Hall, John R. Moreland, Jas. C. Barnes, Chas. Phillips, Saml. Wilson, John H. Brown, Wm. Dixon, Robt. L. Mafee, Wm. H. For-

sythe, Robt. Hamilton, David Todd, Robt. Caldwell, F. R. Gray, Joshua H. Wilson, and G. Moore. All are yet living except three, viz: Hamilton, Moreland and Wilson. The last never reached the pulpit. Some of these young men were with me six months, some twelve, and others two years. Some were in indigent circumstances, and received their board, etc., gratuitously; some at half price, or as suited their circumstances or convenience. I mention this fact for no other purpose but the glory of God, which will be adverted to at the proper place below. My circumstances were by no means affluent; my salary, if it deserved the name, quite small and inadequate; my chief dependence being my own barn and store-house. My wife manufactured the most of our domestic wear for ordinary purposes; our family, too, was at an age to demand increased attention and expense. We were compelled to use the strictest economy, both as to time and means; yet, notwithstanding all these things, we had no lack; we sat under our own vine and fig-tree, enjoying peace and plenty. I never had had an empty pocket, *entirely*, since I had commenced domestic life.

[He moved to Mercer county to take charge of New Providence Church, in 1813. He thus sums up his life and labors up to that period.]

And now I bid farewell, as a citizen, to Washington county, where I spent twenty-three years of my most vigorous and active life; and may I not say, the most eventful and important, responsible and critical portion of my whole life? Between seven and eight years I was on father's farm in the day, and among the wolves and wild-cats at night. Between three and four years away from home in pursuit of various studies; two years a public exhorter, and ten years a licensed and ordained preacher, I was now within a month or so of being 35 years old. The good people of Springfield and Hardin's Creek parted from me reluctantly. But as they gave me but a trifling pittance for my support, they could not urge me to remain, and feel that I was under any obligation to do so. The place where Lebanon stands was occupied by one dwelling and a horse-mill. Between me and my hearers, professors and non-professors, there was not one jarring note of discord, no hostility, or bad feeling. Not a man or woman, or child, either white or black, saint or sinner, in either of those churches, or the immediate neighborhood, where I was in a measure brought up, could have been found, as ever I knew, to lift up a silent finger in approbation of my departure. I make no boast of this from any thing

uncommon in me, more than in other men. But I must and do ascribe all to the mercy and goodness of God, that hath followed me from the beginning, and taught me long since and for ever to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

[The narrative of his labors in his new field is in these words.]

I arrived in Mercer county the 31st of March, 1813. Having no house ready for our reception, we occupied one temporarily, belonging to my brother-in-law, John Armstrong. I had bought me a small farm of 168 acres, contiguous to the church, New Providence. It was all in forest except a few acres. A few logs were collected to build me a house. I had accepted a unanimous call, with $250 engaged for my support, from the united congregations of New Providence and Cane Run, recently under the care of Rev. Saml. B. Robertson, who, after being their pastor for ten years, left them in a very declining condition. Nearly one-fifth of this amount, small as it was, I did not realize. I had assisted the pastor of these churches so long and so often, as well as having married in an extensive connection in one of them, that I was almost as familiar with the people as the pastor himself. Hence the great unanimity in

the invitation, which, however, does not so well harmonize with their liberality.

After laboring much with my own hands, preparing material for building, quarrying rock for foundation and chimneys, and clearing ground, fencing, etc., etc., in all of which I took a large share, I entered my new dwelling, the same I still occupy, in September of the same year.

I entered on my pastoral duties in the New Providence Church the first Sabbath in April, 1813. My stated times of preaching were the *first* and *third* Sabbath in each month, the *second* at Cane Run, and *fourth* at Union, which being in Mercer county, I had not given up when I left Washington county, and which I continued to occupy three years longer. But finding it too distant (20 miles) and inconvenient, I relinquished, not without a considerable struggle, a field I had so long cultivated and a people near my heart, if not like Paul's beloved Philippians, uppermost in my affections; where I had enjoyed so many precious seasons, and where, I trust, I had gained over so many souls to Christ. But the indications of Providence seemed to require it, and I gave them over to the pastoral care of Rev. Terah Templin.

The Sabbath that I had employed there was

engaged by a small church of the Dutch Reformed, four miles south of Harrodsburg. For my services they paid me promptly $50, in semi-annual installments. This church, after awhile, became extinct, as a separate organization, and was amalgamated with others, principally with the Presbyterians in their vicinity.

Having assumed a regular pastoral relation by installment, October 4th, Sabbath, 1813, over the New Providence and Cane Run churches, I required of the elders the number and the names of the members. I soon ascertained that they had kept no sessional records—not even a register of church members or of baptized children. The deficiency was supplied, in a measure, by personal knowledge of the individual members. The number of members in New Providence church at that time was 77, and of Cane Run 50; and ten years after, under my ministry, there were numbered in New Providence church just 77 more.

After the old revival in 1800–1803, there had been an awful spiritual dearth in all the churches, many churches receiving very few, some no accessions at all, for upward of twenty years. During that whole time no revival was known through the whole limits of Kentucky, unless it may have been, now and then, among other denominations.

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The old church at Cane Run became so much decayed as to be incapable of sheltering a congregation with comfort; and being also much environed with plantations, making it difficult of access. Besides, the majority of the congregation being on the west side of Salt River, it was concluded to move the place of preaching to Harrodsburg. This arrangement was made in 1816. The town of Harrodsburg was then very small; the buildings few and very inferior; there being only one brick dwelling and the old stone court-house, where we held worship, until a more suitable building could be put up. This was done by a union and co-operation of the trustees of the seminary and the building committee of the church. It was soon found, on account of the inconvenience of the location, and the limited dimensions of the house, with a rapidly increasing congregation, that it would not answer the desired purpose; and while contemplating a new arrangement, the Lord sent a strong north-wester, which overturned the whole building, and razed it to the ground. This occurred on the 8th of March, 1819, being Sabbath-day, but providentially, at a time not occupied.

By this unexpected event we were thrown back into the old court-house. I concluded that my ministry must soon terminate with this

people, principally for the want of a suitable house of worship. The first sermon I preached on our retreat to the old house was from 1 Chron. xvii: 1, "*David said unto Nathan, behold I dwell in an house of cedars, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord remaineth under curtains.*" This discourse was prepared expressly for the occasion, and, as I learned afterward, had a most powerful and salutary effect upon the minds of the audience, in influencing them to build a house for the ark of the covenant. It was, I believe, this simple effort, as appeared in the result, which ultimately secured the erection of the brick church, so long occupied by that people.

The New Providence church was erected partly by subscription and partly by the sale of pews. In this edifice I invested out of my scanty means $150, which I have no cause to regret even to this day, and the lack of which I never felt—the Lord amply supplying me from other sources. In this church I have labored just thirty-five years, from April 1st, 1813, to April 1st, 1848—one-half of my time, first and third Sabbath in each month.

A minute history of this whole period, in this and the Harrodsburg church, to whom I preached in all twenty-six years, when I voluntarily gave up this charge to the present incum-

bent (Rev. John Montgomery), would of itself make a small volume. My withdrawal was on account of advancing age and inconvenience, not being able, at the distance of seven miles, to perform pastoral duties, and to render adequate services for the benefit of the growing town and congregation. There was no discord between me and the church from the beginning; they greatly desired my continuance, and removal to the town. By my permission the effort was made, but the indications of Providence did not justify such an arrangement. Time has shown what was the will of Providence in regard to my future labors and fields of usefulness, I have great reason to be humble and thankful for the many signal favors and blessings the Lord hath bestowed upon me during my ministry in Harrodsburg Church. Many happy seasons have I witnessed there, and many seals were added to my ministry.

About the year 1823 we may date the commencement of a noiseless, gentle, and gradual revival of religion in the New Providence church, which continued without any perceptible abatement for six or seven years, during which time there were added 240 members. The congregation was large and extensive, and mostly of a Presbyterian character. There had been a small increase of 77 members, during

the ten first years of my ministry. Of these not more than a dozen were of the youth of the congregation, now quite numerous. Our sacramental seasons were quarterly, after the completion of our new house. The communicants occupied the *pews* during the administering the ordinance, instead of the *slab tables* and *benches*, as formerly. The use of tokens was also dispensed with, to the great satisfaction and convenience of pastor and people. By the old plan much time was consumed, so that in the preaching, baptizing, administering the elements, etc., five hours were consumed.

The first year of the revival some dozen (all married persons) were added to the church. After that as many more, and sometimes double that number, at each periodical communion. In giving an account of their conversion, they ascribed it, from first to last, to the preaching of the word; they could specify the sermon the pastor preached, either at the church or elsewhere.

But ere long the good work commenced in among the young people, and ceased not until they were nearly all gathered into the church—not one young female in the whole congregation of New Providence was left out, and not more than a half dozen of the youth of the other sex.

During the half of these meetings I ministered alone; but this seemed to make no change. We never occupied more than four days. During these occasions I preached six or seven sermons without exhaustion, or even fatigue. These were often our most precious seasons. We knew nothing of protracted meeting, so common in these days. The churches of New Providence and Harrodsburg grew up gradually in this way, and much faster than they have done since—the converts showing to better advantage, exhibiting more piety, stability, and consistency.

Great changes since then have taken place in New Providence Church. The congregation is not as compact and uniform as formerly. A number of our oldest members and their families emigrated to the newer States, while their old homesteads passed into the hands of new owners, who, many of them, do not sympathize with us in our religious views. Nearly all the young people married and scattered off, here and there, which has made a considerable chasm. Quite a number of them I have married the *second*, and some even the *third* time, since I have been here. About *seven hundred members* have been enrolled upon the records of the New Providence Church. There were *seven*

young men from this church that entered the ministry, five of whom are still living.

Since writing the above imperfect account I have had the means of obtaining more accurate information concerning the glorious ingathering into the churches of New Providence and Harrodsburg. To the former church there were added in 1823, 16; in 1824, 12; in 1825, 28; in 1826, 46; in 1827, 62; in 1828, 45; in 1829, 31. In all, 240 in seven years. I have never known of any revival continued so long without abatement or intermission: "It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes."

The revival in Harrodsburg church made its first appearance on Sabbath morning, May 27, 1826, during the public reception of Alfred Robertson, a youthful son of Dr. Robertson, who had united with the church a short time before. From that time till the end of the year were added 42; in 1827, 85; in 1828, 46. Total in three years 173. Oh! what *precious* seasons, during that long period, have I seen and enjoyed in both these churches! Could I but witness the like again, like Simeon I would say, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace."

CHAPTER VII.

New Providence Church—Its Early Settlers—Mammoth Skeletons—Wild Game—Privations—A Signal Providence—Preparations for Removal from Virginia—Loss of Provisions—Detention—Emigrate 1779—Cold Winter—Expedition against the Indians—Joseph McCoun Burnt at the Stake—Indians Attack McAffee Station—Heroic Defense—The Ambush Battle of Blue Licks—Rev. David Rice—Origin of New Providence Church—Accession—Great Revival, 1800—Rev. Samuel B. Robertson—Mr. Cleland becomes Pastor of New Providence and Cane Run Churches.

[THE following history of the first settlement on Salt River, and of the establishment of New Providence Church, is from the pen of Gen'l Robert B. McAfee, son of Robt. McAfee, sen., one of the five who first settled on the banks of Salt River. He served, with distinction, in the war of 1812. He was an intelligent and devoted Christian, and for many years a very influential ruling elder in New Providence Church. To this church, in part, Dr. Cleland devoted forty-five years of his ministerial life. This fact, and the stirring scenes herein recorded, entitle this chapter to a place in this connection, and invest it with peculiar interest.]

On the 10th day of May, 1773, a company of men, consisting of James, George, and Robert McAfee, James McCoun, junr.,

and Samuel Adams, having been informed, by the report of some hunters and Indians, that there was a rich and delightful tract of land to the west on the waters of the Ohio River, opening a wide field to enterprising persons, left their places of residence on Sinking Creek, Bottetourt county, in the then colony of Virginia, for the purpose of exploring the country, and seeking out places for their future residence. They were fully aware of the dangers and difficulties to be encountered; but they were men inured to hardships, bold and enterprising. The prospect of future fortunes, the honor of being the first adventurers in the wilds of this western wilderness, and a confident reliance upon the preserving care of Providence, sustained and animated them during their long and dangerous voyage. They all had families, except Samuel Evans, who had not yet reached the age of manhood.

This company fell in with Thomas Bullit and Hancock Taylor, two surveyors, who, with their companies, were about to descend the Ohio River for the purpose of surveying the "Proclamation warrants" of 1763, which were at that time authorized to be surveyed on the Western waters. "The McAfee Company," as they were called, struck across the country to New River (Kenawhee), and descended in a

canoe to its mouth. On the 28th of May, 1773, they met the company of Bullit and Taylor, on New River, about twenty miles above its mouth. The two companies remained at the mouth of New River until the first day of June, where Capt. Thos. Bullit, their chosen leader, left them for the purpose of visiting the Shawnee nation of Chillicothe, on the Scioto, and the balance of the company descended the Ohio in a boat and four canoes. On the 14th day of June Capt. Bullit met them at the mouth of the Scioto, with the intelligence that a friendly intercourse had been established with that nation, who laid claim to all that country upon which this company was about to settle.

They then descended the Ohio, and made a number of surveys on the bottoms adjoining the river, until they arrived opposite Big-bone Lick, which they visited on July 5th, where a great number of the skeletons of the mammoth were found entire. The rib bones they used for tent poles, and the disjointed back bones for stools. There were several Delaware Indians in company on this day, and James McAfee addressed one of them who appeared to be about 70 years of age, and asked him if he knew how the bones came to be there, or if he knew what kind of an animal they belonged to?

His reply was, "when I first came here, then

a boy, these bones were just as you now see them."

The McAfee company then proceeded to the mouth of the Levisa (Kentucky) River; to the mouth of Drennon Creek, and up that creek to the Lick. The number of buffaloes, deer and elk, at the Lick, was astonishing. The roads round about the Lick were as much beaten as those near a populous city. The company took one of these roads and crossed the Kentucky river just below Frankfort, but turned up the river and surveyed the bottom on which Frankfort now stands, the first survey ever made on this river. They crossed over from thence to Salt River, and on the 27th day of July a survey was made for James McAfee, including the place where New Providence church now stands.

Having completed their survey, July 31st, the company started home, steering nearly a southeastern course across Dix River. It commenced raining, and the company proceeded up Kentucky River, exposed to great hardship and fatigue for want of provisions, having to depend alone upon what they could kill for their sustenance. For several days they made out to procure meat—the only food they had, and on the 5th day of August they reached the forks of the Kentucky River, at

which time it was very difficult to find any kind of wild game. The 12th day of August was a gloomy day to that little band of pioneers. They were crossing the head branches of Kentucky River to the waters of Chuck River, in a region of country which seemed to be the abode of desolation. Nothing but barren rocks presented themselves on any hand. Silence and solitude reigned on every side. Not a living thing was to be seen. They had not a mouthful to eat for two days. They were literally starving to death. Their feet were blistered, their limbs torn with briers and cragged rocks, and all under a broiling sun. Every thing combined to furnish a scene enough to appall the strongest heart. The sun of the third day was about to set behind the mountains, leaving them utterly destitute of food and water. A part of their company, from utter exhaustion, threw themselves upon the ground and said they could go no further. Those who still retained more strength urged them to strive to go further, but all to no purpose. At length, Robt. McAfee, as a last effort of despair, determined to cross over the point of the next ridge, to see if he could find any thing to kill.

The sun was now gilding the highest points of the adjacent mountains with his setting beams, when the Almighty hand interposed for

their relief. Robt. McAfee had not proceeded more than one quarter of a mile across the ridge, and was approaching to a small branch a few rods before him, when he saw a small spike buck about fifty yards before him. Joy, anxiety and desperation filled his heart.

Being an excellent marksman, he fired, and the buck fell. He was upon him in a moment. The rest of the company soon came up; so great was their joy at the sound of his gun that they forgot their fatigue. The creek afforded them water, and they soon prepared their savory meal, which was devoured with the keenest relish; while their hearts were poured out in thankfulness to that kind Providence that had saved them from the very jaws of death.

It was on account of this and other signal deliverances showed them afterward, that these Christian pioneers were influenced to erect a house of worship in the wilderness, and consecrate it to that kind *Providence* which had preserved them in their many extremities.

Shortly after this they reached their homes in safety, and gave an accurate account of what they had seen in the western wilderness, which inflamed the minds of all that heard them with a desire to go to a land represented to them as flowing with milk and honey.

They did not return in 1774 to take possession of their lands, in consequence of hostility among the Indians.

In 1775, the company above named, with two others, David Adams and John Higgins, returned early in March, and cleared two acres of ground at McAfee's station, intending to raise corn and prepare to remove their families, but were prevented by the hostility of the Indians.

In the meantime James Harrod and company built a fort at Harrodsburg, and opened a farm near the fort.

In the fall of the year Robert, William and George McAfee, John McGee, David Adams, John McCoun and others, cleared fifteen acres of land on the farm of James McCoun, about one mile northwest of New Providence meeting-house, at the mouth of Armstrong's Branch, and in the following spring planted it in corn, and continued in that place until June, having taken with them forty head of cattle, which they left to feed upon the luxuriant cane. They then returned to Virginia for their families. Having packed their provisions, seeds, farming utensils, etc., upon horses, they transported them across the mountains to Ganby River, and put them into canoes; but, in consequence of the lowness of the water after proceeding a

short distance, they were compelled to store away their provisions in a strong log house erected for the purpose, and return for their horses. In the meantime a war with the Cherokee Indians broke out, and a part of the company joined the expedition. Also, the war between the United States and Great Britain having assumed a serious aspect, it was regarded as unsafe to risk their families abroad in such troublous times. Hence they considered it most prudent to abandon their removal for the present. In the month of September they returned to their cabin, in order to convey their stores back to their homes in Virginia. But, to their utter dismay, they found their house unroofed, and their beds, blankets, barrels, etc., lying scattered in confusion about the house. In making further search, they found that some one had taken a part of the bedding to an adjacent cliff, for the purpose of sleeping upon it. The feelings of the company were not of the most pleasant kind, to find their stores of sugar, coffee and spices, missing, which they had been collecting for some time, intending the same to last them for years to come, as they knew it would be impossible to obtain them in Kentucky. At first they suspected it to be the work of the Indians; but,

finding no Indian sign, they abandoned this idea. In making some search, a part of the company went down the river, and in about a half of a mile came across a little, diminutive, red-head white man, whom they immediately charged as being the author of this mischief. He denied it; but, finding some of their clothes upon his person, from sudden impulse James McAfee struck at him with his tomahawk and knocked him down, and then drew his butcher knife and would have dispatched him, but was restrained by his brother seizing his arm. The poor fellow was adjudged as having forfeited his life, and was condemned to be hung; but, as none were willing to execute the sentence, he was permitted to live.

The years of '77 and '78 were spent in repairing their losses, and in resisting the invasion of the British, in which some of this company took an active part.

The year 1779 was an important one in the annals of Kentucky. It is generally believed that this and the following year brought twenty thousand people to the district. Preparations were made this year to make a final removal to Salt River—so called on account of the salt works at Bullit Lick. Accordingly, they left their habitations on Catawba and Sinking Creek, Bottetourt Co., Va., August 17, 1779,

and started with all their families and property packed on horses, and came through a wilderness path (crossing at Cumberland Gap) to Kentucky; and, on the first day of October, arrived at McAfee's station, near where New Providence church now stands.

The following winter proved to be one of the utmost severity. It commenced on the 25th day of November, and from that time till the middle of February there was one continual freeze. All the water-courses were frozen over. The Buffaloes, the bears, wolves, beavers, turkies, etc., were found in great numbers, frozen to death. Many times they would come up into the yards of the stations with the cattle. The people of the different stations were reduced to the utmost extremity for want of bread. One Johnny cake was often divided into twelve equal parts twice each day, and toward the close of the winter this failed, and the people had to live on wild game entirely for several weeks. Early in the spring, James and Robert McAfee, with their sons, went to the falls of the Ohio, and gave sixty dollars (continental money) a bushel for corn.

The spring of 1780, opened with flattering prospects. Vegetation put forth early, and grew with wonderful rapidity. The fruit trees planted in '75 had made an astonishing growth,

and the peach trees were loaded with fruit. But, during the summer, the Indians became very numerous, and committed many depredations. The settlements were broken up, and their families shut themselves up in the fort. An expedition, under Gen. Clark and Col. Logan, went out against the Indians, whose head quarters were at Old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami. The men of the McAfee station joined them, and William McAfee commanded a company from that and the adjacent stations. It marched about the 1st of July. Canoes were built to transport their men and provisions across the Ohio River. The troops were rendezvoued at the mouth of the Licking River. Previous to their reaching this place, one of their men deserted, and gave the Indians notice of the approach of an army. The expedition was almost wholly provided at the expense of the settlers, and when the army arrived at the place of rendezvous, the whole stock of rations was two pounds of flour to each man, and a small quantity of meat. These were all the provisions that could be procured; they must depend upon wild game to complete their supply. This was enough to appall hearts of less fortitude. They must march fifty or sixty miles and back again; and that, too, through the enemy's country. When they reached Chilli-

cothe, they found that the enemy had decamped, and their villages were smoking in ruins.

This put the troops in high spirits; Clarke pushed on without delay in a northwestern direction to some Indian towns at Piqua, thirty miles above Dayton. Here the Indians made a stand; a hot engagement ensued. The town was taken by storm. William McAfee led the van of those divisions under Col. Logan. During the action he was shot through the body, but lived to reach the falls of Ohio, and died at Floyd station shortly after his wife reached that place. This expedition did much damage to the Indians. The whites had peace the remainder of the year on the south side of the Kentucky river.

Early in the spring of 1781, an incident occurred which cast a gloom upon all these bright prospects. Joseph, youngest son of James McCoun, sen., went out to look after the cattle, and was surprised and taken prisoner by the Indians, about one mile and a half below where New Providence church now stands. He was the favorite of the family. John McCoun, his brother, was with him at the time, and escaped. The alarm was given, and a company of men were collected as speedily as possible, and pursued the Indians in the direction of Chillicothe, Ohio, but all to no purpose. Distress

and sorrow pervaded the whole family, and James was given up as lost. It was afterward ascertained that he was taken by the Shawnee Indians to a little town on the head waters of Mad River, about six miles above Springfield, Ohio, and tied to a stake and burned with the most excruciating tortures.

On the 9th day of May, the Indians, in number about one hundred and fifty, attacked McAfee station. They encamped the night before in a house built by James McCoun, on the west side of Salt River, afterward owned by Peter Vanarsdale.

Just before day, they sent out parties to occupy all the paths leading from the fort, which, on the one side, was guarded only by a rail fence, with only twelve men in it. They expected to make an easy prey of the whole. The attack did not take place until an hour by sun in the morning. An express had been permitted to pass out in safety to the Harrodsburg landing, on the Kentucky River. He was advised by James McAfee to take to the woods, and then strike the path some distance out. His not being molested induced the men in the station to believe that there was no danger, and a part of them went out to clear some ground for a turnip patch south of the station. The females were engaged in their ordinary busi-

ness. Two men started to go to a corn crib above the station. They had proceeded about three hundred yards, when they were fired upon by an Indian. This was a signal for a general attack. One of the men fell dead. The other, Samuel McAfee, turned to make his escape, and was met by an Indian in the path. Their guns were within a few inches of each other's breasts; the Indian's gun snapped, McAfee's fired, and the Indian fell and expired. James and Robt. McAfee were in the clearing. Both seized their guns, always in reach, and ran to the place of attack.

Robert, being the swiftest, out-ran his brother. He met his brother Samuel, on his retreat, who tried to stop him; but he ran on until he came to the dead Indian lying in the path. He was intercepted. He took to the wood, with an Indian in close pursuit. Now and then he would turn upon the Indian, who would instantly take shelter behind a tree. McAfee ran toward the river, just above the spring belonging to the station. He threw himself over the fence, and lay among some weeds, waiting till the enemy would put his head out to look what had become of him. He fired, and shot the Indian in the jaws and killed him. He proved to be one of the Shawnee chiefs, arrayed in silver rings and brooches

in abundance. This checked the pursuit in that direction. James McAfee was arrested, in the meantime, by six or seven Indians, who were concealed by some brush heaps. He took to a tree, but was soon driven from that position by another party, who fired at him.

As soon as Robt. McAfee reached the station, a general advance by the Indians was made on every side. The men of the fort kept up a well directed fire. Several Indians were killed in their attempt to rush upon them. The women and children were engaged in running bullets, and preparing the necessary means of defense. After two hours the enemy made a general retreat, after destroying nearly all the cattle and the hogs belonging to the station. They commenced their retreat about ten minutes before Col. McGary arrived, with about forty men, from Harrodsburg, William McAfee's and McGary's station, on Shawnee River. To the latter place the news was carried from William McAfee's station, when the firing was heard, it being a still, clear morning. Col. McGary being joined by the men of the station, immediately went in pursuit of the Indians, and found them at James McCoun's cabins, where they had encamped the night before, and routed them again, and pursued them down on the west side of Salt River, killing several

Indians and having some of his own men wounded. Thus ended a second conflict which threatened the destruction of the settlement on Salt River. Thirteen men only repulsed one hundred and fifty Indians, which was regarded by the reflecting part of the garrison as a Providential deliverance.

During the year 1782, very little occurred to disturb the repose of the settlements. They dwelt in their forts, and cultivated their crops by stealth.

In the month of July another event occurred illustrating the singular care of Providence over them. The inhabitants of James McAfee's station often joined in their work, and aided each other in cultivating their respective farms. One day a large party, male and female, went down to the farm of James McCoun, sen., to pull flax. A party of eight or nine Indians saw them, but being afraid to attack them, made a blind of bushes, behind which they concealed themselves, intending to way-lay the company on their return to the station, and massacre the whole. Having finished their work at an early hour, they were returning, when one of their company proposed to go up the creek to get some plums, which grew in abundance on its banks, and thus returned home in safety.

In August of this year, the battle of the Blue Licks was fought, between the Kentuckians and the Shawnees, which put the stations on the south side of Kentucky River into mourning. The influence of this defeat in a moral and religious point of view was considerable. It brought the inhabitants to a serious sense of their duty, and their great obligation to their Creator.

In the spring of 1783, the Rev. David Rice, of patriarchal memory, removed to Kentucky, and remained during the winter at Mrs. McBride's, on Deck's River, and afterward bought land and settled on Harrod's Run, near Danville. Rev. Adam Rankin also visited this country in October. They occasionally preached at private houses, when invited, near Danville and Harrodsburg. At that time very few thought of, or cared for religious matters.

But, in the following year, the minds of the settlers began to be seriously inclined to religious matters, and Mr. Rice was invited to preach among them. Marriages, hitherto solemnized by magistrates, were now solemnized by him. The first sermon ever preached here was by Mr. Rice, on the banks of Salt River, near McCoun's spring. It was the funeral of his wife. It was a mournful occasion, and the attention of the people was much arrested. Mr.

Rice returned to the fort, and as his custom was, on the next day catechized such as had turned their attention to religious subjects; and, on the next day (June 6th), preached in a large double log station which he occasionally visited to preach to the people. In the fall a considerable accession of strength was made to the neighborhood by the arrival of Capt. John and William Armstrong, and George Buchanan; each having large families. They all settled within the bounds of the present New Providence congregation, and were inclined to promote the cause of religion.

Early in the spring of '85, the neighborhood concluded to erect a house, for the double purpose of school-house and a meeting-house. Accordingly, the following heads of families, James, George, Robert and Samuel McAfee, the two James McCoun, John and William Armstrong, James and George Buchanan, Joseph Lyon and John McGee, met near the ground now occupied by New Providence church, and selected a place to build said house. Two places were proposed, and debated with considerable warmth; the site of the present building, and the one near James McCoun's. 'Twas decided by seven to five in favor of the former place. After the corn was planted, a log cabin, twenty feet by eighteen,

on the side of the hill, about fifty yards south of the west end of the present building, in which Mr. Rice preached once a month for several years. A school was also occasionally taught. Such was still the unsettled state of affairs that the male inhabitants for three years from this time invariably carried their guns with them when they went up to their house of worship. The year before this another small house of worship had been erected on Cane Run (afterward removed to Harrodsburg). Several persons named above were professors of religion; and during the year, the whole of them had determined to unite with the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Rice was very assiduous in his religious duties. He very often read a whole chapter for his text, in the way of a lecture, which often proved a very advantageous method of delivering instruction.

Public attention, during the following year, was somewhat diverted, by the last campaign of General Clark, in which many of the Salt River volunteers enlisted. In 1785, Mr. Rice organized a church on Salt River, which was named by George Buchanan, *New Providence*, in commemoration of the many Providential interferences in their behalf.

George Buchanan, James McCoun, sen., and William Armstrong, were chosen elders. The

church and congregation gradually increased until the year '89.

On the 17th day of October, 1786, Transylvania Presbytery was organized at Danville, being a branch of Abington Presbytery, Va., consisting of the following persons, viz.: Rev. David Rice, Adam Rankin, John McClure, James Crawford, and Thomas B. Craighead.

The controversy in relation to church psalmody agitated the churches in Kentucky for several years. Rev. Adam Rankin took the the lead in this matter by denying the right of communion to all that used Dr. Watt's version of the Psalms. Presbytery issued a process against him, including various charges. He took occasion, from the excited state of public feeling, and renounced the jurisdiction of the Presbytery, and drew off quite a number of followers with him. The church of New Providence was divided in nearly two equal parts. Samuel McCoun, sen., and all his family, sons and sons-in-law, including John McGee and Robt. McAfee, went with the seceders. Out of this secession was organized what was called the "Seceder Church," on the farm of James McCoun, sen., to which Mr. Rankin preached for several years. It has long since gone to decay.

In the year '90 the congregation of New

Providence built a large double-hewed log house, fifty feet by thirty, joined at the sides by posts. The church was occasionally supplied by order of Presbytery until the spring of the year 1793, when Rev. John Sutton, a very worthy Baptist preacher, having settled in Harrodsburg, was invited to preach to them. He was a man of great suavity of manners, of a classical education, and of a conservative spirit, which rendered him acceptable to all parties, especially as he made use of the old Psalms, which was very agreeable to the "Seceders."

Mr. Sutton having left in 1795, the Rev. William Mahon was invited to take charge of the New Providence and Benson churches, which he did with partial success until the year 1798.

In the year 1800 commenced the great revival, which lasted several years, including all denominations. The great meeting at Cane Ridge took place on the 7th and 12th days of August inclusive, at which several thousands attended, among them quite a number from New Providence congregation.

Rev. Samuel B. Robertson, of Harrison county, having several times preached for this congregation, was called to take charge of it, and was ordained as pastor of New Providence and Cane Run congregations, Oct. 23, 1801.

Considerable accessions were made to these churches during the year. Mr. Robertson lived on a plantation purchased for him near Harrodsburg. Harmony prevailed in the church, and the revival continued until 1805. In the meantime, on account of the increased size of the congregation, New Providence church was enlarged, by cutting out one side of the house, and extending it in that direction. The two congregations, the Presbyterians and Seceders, occupied the house on alternate Sabbaths until the year 1803. Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, and Rev. Mr. Risk, of Rankin's church, happened to meet on the same day. Both congregations desired to hear their own preacher.

It was proposed by the elders of the Presbyterian church that Mr. Risk might take the forenoon, and Mr. Wilson the afternoon. The session of the other church agreed to consider the matter. After Mr. Risk had finished his sermon, he gave notice that he would preach again in about a half an hour. The others shortly after retired, and Mr. Wilson preached to them in the woods. This led to a final separation, and the "Rankinites" went off and built a separate house to themselves, as has been before related, Aug. 24, 1804.

Mr. Robertson was very much admired as a preacher, was warm and ardent in his devo-

tional exercises, and was regarded as an excellent Christian. But many of his congregation grew negligent about paying him his salary, in consequence of which he left them, and went to Columbia, Adair county. This took place about the year 1812.

The congregation, being again declared vacant, now began seriously to feel the want of a preached Gospel. They soon had their eyes upon Rev. Thomas Cleland, pastor of Springfield and Hardin's Creek congregation. As he had married in the congregation to the daughter of Capt. John Armstrong, it was believed that he might be induced to remove among them, and accept a call. Accordingly, the eldership of the two congregations of New Providence and Cane Run invited him to take charge of these congregations as their pastor, which he did. He commenced his ministerial services on the 1st Sabbath of April, 1813, which continued with uninterrupted harmony for nearly one half of a century.

CHAPTER VIII.

Literary Labors—Doctor of Divinity—Visit to Frankfort in behalf of Center College—Anecdote—His services as a Member of an Ecclesiastical Court—His watchfulness for providences—Last entry in his Journal.

[His literary labors commenced soon after his removal to New Providence.]

About the year 1815, without any seeking of my own, commenced my literary controversy with Barton W. Stone. The manner in which I was drawn into it, is explained in my introductory chapter to "Unitarianism Unmasked," which was the third and last book I published against his Arian and Socinian heresies. This controversy proved of great service to myself. I could thank God that I was not permitted to wander off into the mazes of error, like my opponent. "Who maketh me to differ from another," I often said to myself. By nature and acquirements I was no better, perhaps not as good as this man. But in the next place I learned more divinity in this investigation, than in all my ecclesiastical life before. My views of divine truth were greatly enlarged, more confirmed and established, and I may add, more precious to my heart, and was better enabled to

instruct others, to teach them the good and the right way, and to establish them in the truth. All three of my productions were favorably received, and widely scattered all over Kentucky; and it was thought by my friends, that they were instrumental in putting a stop to the progress of that heresy—of saving many people from falling into it—strengthening and confirming others who were shaken by it; of reclaiming some, even among Mr. Stone's clerical brethren, who had embraced it. Upon the whole, with all its imperfections, I have reason to bless God for his assistance and approbation in this controversy.

Though I never calculated on becoming a writer, yet almost unexpectedly and undesignedly I was called to take up my pen on various occasions. And it appears strange to myself, and almost unaccountable, on a review of my busy and hurried life, how I was able to accomplish as much of this work as I did. I had little time to write. Nor am I a ready writer. I wrote slowly and carefully. All my productions went to the press without transcribing; I had no time for such employment. My general practice was to read late at night, after all the family had retired to rest, make my notes and references, and then rise about two hours before day and write till breakfast; after which I was

off preaching, working, etc., until night came on again. I thought I found my mind more active and clear in the morning, before day, and after moderate manual labor. It was my plan to redeem the time, every hour I could spare; and I have no doubt now, but an active life, in one form or another, was the strength and support of my physical constitution.

I here insert a list of my principal publications, which may be found in various bound volumes, and the years in which they were published.

1. A Familiar Dialogue between Calvinus and Arminius.. 1805
2. The Heavenly Society. Rev. vii: 9. Funeral of Mrs. Jane Horton,..... 1808
3. The Socini-Arian Detected. Series of letters to Barton W. Stone,..... 1815
4. Letters to B. W. Stone on Trinity, Divinity, and Atonement of Christ,..... 1822
5. Reply to Rt. Rev. Bishop David,..... 1822
6. Brief History, etc., of Cumberland Presbyterians; by order of Synod,..... 1822
7. The Destructive Influence of Sinners. Ecc. ix: 18,..... 1823
8. Evangelical Hymns. (Selected.)..... 1825
9. Preservation and Perseverance of the Saints. Isa. xxvii: 3,..... 1827
10. A Wheel within a Wheel, (Sermon.) Ezek. i: 16,... 1829
11. Various Articles for Calvinistic Magazine,..... 1829
12. Familiar Dialogue between Calvinus and Arminius, on the doctrines of Election and Predestination,... 1830
13. Various articles for Presbyterian Advocate,..... 1830
14. Difficulties of Arminianism,..... 1831
15. Strictures on Campbellism,..... 1833

16. Outward Rites and Inward Graces, not Identical and Inseparable. Rom. ii: 28–9,..... 1833
17. Funeral Sermon of Mrs. Judge Underwood,..... 1835
18. Funeral Sermon of Mrs. Hickman,..... 1836
19. The Conservation and Preservation of the Saints. Ps. xxxvii: 28,..... 1836
20. Trial and Acquittal of John the Baptist,..... 1853

In addition to these an unpublished manuscript,

"Candid Reasons for not being an Anti-Pedo Baptist."

[He gives a humorous account of his Doctorate.]

I presume it was owing to my literary productions, that the attention of Transylvania University was attracted, when, on the 10th of July, 1822, I received from that institution the honorary degree of "D. D." This was as unexpected as it was undeserved or unmerited. I immediately sat down and wrote, as politely as possible, my declination of this high-sounding title, and was about to send it off next day; but the Legislature was then sitting at Frankfort, and having before them a charter for a Presbyterian (Center) College, at Danville, and there being a most violent opposition from sectarians in that body, as also from Lexington, where the interests of the University were at stake, and against which Institution the Presbyterians were now leveling their batteries, on account of its bad management—it was by the advice of

a particular friend at Frankfort, who, being apprized of my intention, deemed it expedient and advisable, that I should retain this honorary title, lest it might be construed unfavorably to the cause of the charter of Center College. It was owing to this advice that I did not send off my resignation, and many times wish that I had paid no attention to it, and so got rid of one of the most unwelcome honors, or burdens, that was ever put upon me in all my public career. It was owing, as I afterward learned, to the officious kindness of Dr. Blythe and N. H. Hall, who recommended me to the Board of Trustees. The former was the only D. D. in Kentucky, and I suppose wanted company, and the latter probably looked forward when he might obtain it himself.

[The visit to Frankfort, of which he speaks, is connected with an anecdote illustrative of his ready humor. When application was made to the Legislature for the charter of Center College, it met with violent opposition from the adherents of Transylvania University, and some other rival institutions. The late Samuel K. Nelson went to Frankfort to use his personal influence in behalf of the application for a charter. The prospects were so doubtful that Mr., or rather now the newly made Dr. Cleland, was sent for to employ his personal influence among

the members of the Legislature. On his way to Frankfort he met Mr. Nelson, both traveling on horseback. Mr. Nelson told him how the matter stood, and of the bugbear of sectarianism which was used to defeat the measure. Dr. Cleland related an anecdote which was so appropriate and amusing, that Mr. Nelson was convulsed with laughter, and said to Dr. Cleland, "Go to Frankfort, and tell that story, and you will get the charter." The use he made of it appears in the following paragraph, taken from Davidson's History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky:

["The prominent opponent was a Baptist whose family connection was deeply and permanently interested in the prosperity of the University. He made his appearance in the Legislature with his arms filled with books, and a servant behind him with a wheelbarrow also loaded with them. He spoke several hours, and made a violent philippic, to show that the Presbyterians on the other side of the Atlantic, had always burned with the lust of domination, and the desire of uniting Church and State. When he had ended, a member (Col. James Davidson, now State Treasurer), a man of much dry humor, and a deep sonorous voice, gravely told a simple anecdote, by way of illustrating the terrors which had been so

awfully presented. An Irish Redemptioner lost himself in the woods one evening; he had heard a great deal of the Indians, and the novel sights and sounds around him inspired him with such alarm that he climbed up into a tree for safety, and there spent the sleepless night. On being found next day, he told through what perils he had passed. The fireflies he mistook for the torches of the savages in quest of him; while his agitated fancy interpreted the doleful screams of the whippoorwills into menaces of destruction, crying 'whip-him-well! whip-him-well! cut-and-slash! cut-and-slash! and the fire flew all the time,' said he, 'like the de'il.' In short, 'he did not know what would become of him, had it not been for the swate, heavenly bairds'—meaning the *bullfrogs*—'who kept calling out Motheration! Motheration!' 'Now,' said Col. Davidson, 'when I heard the honorable member conjuring up all those dreadful hobgoblins, they appeared to me of the same imaginary character of the poor Irishman's terrors, and I felt an irresistible impulse to rise up in my place and call out "Motheration! Motheration!"' The ludicrous anecdote, narrated in the dryest manner, and with his gravest intonations, convulsed the house with laughter. In the meantime Mr. Nelson had returned, and was reclining on a bench in the Legislative

hall; he was so overcome by convulsive laughter, that he fell from his seat upon the floor, and was struck with a pain in his side, which he carried with him to the grave. The serious and inflammatory speech on the other side was effectually neutralized, and the friends of the bill adroitly seizing the propitious opportunity, hurried it through its final passage, before the effect could be counteracted. The circumstance, trivial as it may seem, is here inserted, not only as a historical verity, but for the purpose also of showing upon what slender threads sometimes hang the destinies of the greatest events."

[Of the fidelity with which he discharged his duty as an office-bearer in the Church, some idea may be formed from what follows.]

Amid the multiplied calls and demands upon my time, both ministerial and domestic, in the kind providence of God I have never been prevented from attending every stated meeting of Presbytery and Synod, but once, by indisposition, and once from absence on a journey to Indiana and Illinois, in the fall of 1831. As a commissioner to the General Assembly I was a member of that body, at Philadelphia, in the years 1809, 1820, 1824, 1829, at Pittsburg in 1835, at Philadelphia in 1837. In those Assemblies I never made a figure; was rather a silent

member, unless attending to the special business on which I was particularly appointed. Having no particular tact or inclination for the floor, I therefore preferred a less conspicuous station. In the year 1820 I was zealously and industriously employed with the whole body in reviewing and remodeling "The Form of Government, and Discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A." This important work we were engaged in four days, and being completed sent down to the Presbyteries for their approval, and was adopted by a large majority, and ratified by the General Assembly the next year, 1831.

[At the disruption of the Presbyterian Church he adhered to the New School General Assembly, and was a member of that body in 1850–'52–'54, making ten Assemblies in which he sat as commissioner.

[His share in the settlement of the difficulties which occurred in the Cumberland Presbytery is thus set forth.]

In the year 1805 I was a member of the Commission of Synod, appointed to meet down in the Green river country, to arrest the progress of the irregularities produced by the Cumberland Presbytery, a full account of which has been spread before the public. In the winter of 1807, as one of the committee to meet at

Russellville, to investigate a charge of common fame, against Rev. James McGready, I rode the day previous to our meeting, thirty-five miles in the barrens, facing the wind, on what is called to this day, "*the cold Friday*," in the month of February. Never shall I forget this day. Toward night I felt, as I suppose, almost the chill of death approaching me. But it was in the service of the Church—one of the trials of this early day—and cheerfully borne for the Master's sake.

During the whole time of my ministry in Washington county, I attended every meeting of Presbytery and Synod, no matter what difficulties or inconveniences seemed to appear in the way. By a kind providence all failure, or disappointment was out of the question.

In the spring of 1809, I went the first time as commissioner to the General Assembly at Philadelphia. There being no stages or steamboats, the whole journey was performed on horseback; and a tedious one it was, indeed—between six hundred and seven hundred miles. The principal call for this was the unfinished business relating to the Cumberland Presbyterians. The other commissioners for the Synod of Kentucky, were Rev. Messrs. Lyle and Stewart. The business came up—a full statement and representation was made—the whole

affair investigated, and a final decision rendered in favor of the Synod. The Cumberlands, as generally called, the next year made a separate organization, and have so continued until the present day. A brief history was drawn up by myself, in a small pamphlet of some thirty pages octavo, as the committee of Synod, pursuant to their appointment, in 1821. The draft was unanimously adopted by Synod in 1822, and published for distribution among the Presbyteries, early in the following year.

[Very many incidents in his private life, related in the manuscript are omitted in this publication. One of his eminent virtues ought, however, not to be omitted—his remarkable watchfulness for the indications of God's providential hand. Whole pages are occupied by occurrences in the course of his life—such as escape from accidental death by the falling of timber, the attacks of wild beasts, etc., in which he delighted to find the traces of a divine interposition in his behalf. Two of these incidents may be repeated here.]

A serious accident happened to me on my way to the General Assembly, in 1824. This journey, very tedious and irksome, was still performed on horseback, for the want of other conveyance more eligible. My companions were Dr. Wm. Pawling, lay delegate with me

to the Assembly, and a young man, by the name of Worthington, on his way to West Point. It was a gentle rainy day, the 27th of April, and within eleven miles of Chillicothe, Ohio. We were passing a rough bridge, without railing, which lay over Paint creek, extending to a small bluff beyond. We entered simultaneously with a wagon on the opposite side, which we supposed would stop for us. The Dr. was before, and passed by the approaching wagon in safety. I was next, and arriving about half way between the bluff and the water's edge, my horse took fright, and backing obliquely, his hinder parts slipped off the bridge, throwing me backward, right upon my back, and he came after me, and in a most remarkable manner was right over me, with his hind feet a little obliquely on one side of me, and his fore feet one on each side of me, bearing himself off me as well as he could, while both my hands were pushing upward against his breast. The animal was somehow in a twist, and exerting himself with all his might to spring off of me, which, after two or three efforts he did without inflicting the slightest injury. The prints of his feet appeared in the sand all around me, yet not a hoof touched me. The Dr. had sprung from his horse, and ran back with great agitation. He thought the

horse had fallen upon me; that I had sprung up for the moment, and expected me instantly to fall and expire. I was upon my feet, crying "whoa, whoa" to the horses, which had got together and were affrighted. He looked me right in the face, with grief and agitation, and asked if I could speak. I told him "Yes." "Let me see you breathe," said he; which having done to his great joy and satisfaction, he replied, "You are safe." Had I fallen one-half minute earlier, myself and horse must have been killed, or dreadfully crushed and mangled, as there lay two trees obliquely across each other, like a pair of shears half opened. But the place allotted for us by the hand of Providence was a smooth, soft, sandy spot, without a stick or a pebble. The distance from the top of the bridge was eight or ten feet. We reached Chillicothe that night, not having been detained by the accident more than half an hour. The next morning I found that my right knee had been a little strained by the fall. The record in my journal says: "This day (April 27) I have been exposed to the greatest hazard, and most imminent danger of my life, by the fall of myself and horse from a bridge, etc. I desire ever to remember this event as the kindest act of Providence in my favor. I pray that I may religiously recollect it, while I live."

The other fact indicative of the providential kindness of God to him, was the very unexpected, and to him considerable legacy left him by one known as an enemy to religion in general, and Presbyterianism in particular. Considering the unexpected source from whence it came, he says: "Had this assistance been handed down from above, by some visible hand, I could not have been more assured that it was directly the gift of God. I had rendered gratuitous aid to his young servants under my care, who were unable to help themselves, and here was the 'giving back' of the Lord, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

[His last entry in his journal was made January 31, 1855, and is in these words:]

One circumstance more deserves special notice. I have been compelled to give up public duties, and all pastoral relationship to the Church. In connection with feeble strength, a nervous affection at the bottom of my stomach, after a short time speaking, prevents me from proceeding, weakening my articulation, and compelling me to cease altogether. Were it not for this, I could hold forth at least an hour, without much difficulty. But it is my master's will that I should retire from the field and take my rest, after public service for more than half

a century. My successor, for the present, is Rev. Wm. T. McElroy, from Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., but a native of this State, and recently ordained by this Presbytery. He is a promising young man, and I hope will be made a blessing to these people. With regard to myself, my prayer is—

"Oh! let me, gracious Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end.
What are my days? A span their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?

"God of my fathers, here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

"Oh, spare me, Lord, in mercy spare,
And nature's failing strength repair,
Ere life's short circuit wandered o'er
I perish, and am seen no more."

CHAPTER IX.

Close of his Ministry—Last Administration of the Lord's Supper—Illness—Conversations—His death as described by his Son, Rev. P. S. Cleland—His Funeral—His Character as a Man and a Preacher.

His death occurred three years to a day after he penned these words. During that time the infirmities of advancing age gathered rapidly upon him. But he was always cheerful, and at times animated in conversation. His vigor of mind, his genial humor, his reverence for the Scriptures, his piety toward God, and his charity toward man, seem never to have abated. But for the decay of his physical powers, he might have continued the work of the ministry until the day of his death. The last time he attempted any public service was a sacramental meeting held in the New Providence church, in the October preceeding his death. One who was present on that occasion, thus describes his administration of the Lord's Supper. "So feeble was he in body, that one of his sons was obliged to lift him to his feet; but so bright and clear was his intellectual and spiritual vision, that his remarks were particularly appropriate and solemn, and so touching as to

melt the whole house into tears." "My little children, it is the last time," said he; his trembling limbs, his sunken cheek, his pallid countenance, his feeble voice and shrunken form, all said "it *is* the last time." "Having loved his own, he loved them to the end." It was truly an affecting sight to see him take a final leave of the people of his charge. He had gone in and out before them for nearly fifty years. It is difficult to determine whether he loved them more, or was more beloved by them. His love to them was that of a father; theirs to him was that of children—spiritual children. He had helped them to bury their fathers and mothers; he had united them together in the holy bands of wedlock. He had mingled his sympathies and tears with theirs in affliction; had counseled them in their difficulties. They looked up to him for advice and counsel. They revered him alike for his wisdom, his prudence, and his piety. For many long years they had waited upon his ministry with great profit and delight. In his public ministrations he was "unto them as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument." Their hearts had often glowed with love, and melted into tenderness under the sweet and touching tones of that pathetic voice. He reminded

them that he must soon leave them. That hoary head must soon be low in the grave; that heaving breast be pressed into the same narrow confinements by the clods of the valley; that tremulous voice would soon be hushed; those eyes, which had long darted the sentiments of kindness and affection, would be glazed; and those once active limbs would soon become rigid in death. As he gave to his dearly beloved spiritual children, for the last time, the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of a crucified Saviour, he looked through the open window, and pointed to the spot reserved for his remains, and then to heaven—the home of his spirit, and commended them to the grace of God, and sat down overpowered by the strength of his emotions. "And they all wept sore, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

He never returned to the house of God again, but lingered in his chamber until the evening of the Lord's day, Jan. 31, 1858, when he gently fell asleep. His thoughts, toward the close of life, turned exclusively on heavenly things. Two of his friends from a distance, one of them a minister of the Gospel, visited him on Thursday before his death. When they entered the room, his children told them that the patient had fallen into a lethargic state

recently, and that, probably, he would have but little to say.

But, when he recognized his visitors, he instantly entered into a conversation with them, and spent two or three hours in describing to them his faith in Christ, and his hopes for the world to come. His thoughts seemed to connect themselves with particular passages of Scripture, many of which he repeated and expounded in their deepest spiritual signification. He said, "It is not difficult for us to satisfy our friends and the church with our ministry; but my labors do not satisfy me. I shall be satisfied only when I awake in the likeness of Christ. I have no raptures. I am but a poor sinner; but I do trust in Christ, and through him I see my way as clearly to his kingdom on high, as I do the road from here to Harrodsburg, over which I've traveled more than a thousand times."

[His son, the Rev. P. S. Cleland, thus describes his last hours.]

"The last words of departed friends are preserved among our most cherished recollections. We are eager to catch the faintest whispers that issue from their dying lips, as if it were a message from the invisible world. Especially do we desire to know what are their hopes and feelings in view of the eternal state, upon

which they are about to enter. However decided may have been their Christian character, and their fidelity in the service of Christ during their lives, we still desire their dying testimony to the power and grace of God, and confirmation of their hopes of blessedness beyond the grave. It is to be feared that the impression is too common that religion is designed, chiefly, to cheer us in death, and make us happy in eternity. And such, indeed, is its influence in many instances. It is frequently the case that the servants of God are enabled to give the most delightful and triumphant testimony to the power of Christian faith and hope to sustain them as they go through the valley of the shadow of death. Their sun goes down in unclouded brightness. The death-bed scenes of such men as Payson, Evarts, and Finley, not only minister rich consolation to surviving friends, but leave an invaluable spiritual legacy to the Church and the world.

But religion is designed to affect our character and conduct; and the evidences of a genuine piety are to be sought, not so much in death as in life. And many of God's children pass away to their home in heaven without having those animating views of heaven, or that unwavering faith and cheerful hope with which other saints are favored in the hour of their

departure. Their sun, though it may have shone long and brilliantly, sinks to his rest behind the western cloud. We know, however, that he still shines in all his glory; and, though his beams fall not upon us, they illumine other eyes, and impart a splendor even to the clouds that obscure his face. We need not their dying words to assure us that they are gone to be with Christ. It is related of Whitfield, that in his last visit but one which he paid to America, he spent a day or two at Princeton, under the roof of Dr. Finley, then President of the College at that place. At dinner Dr. F. said, "Mr. W., I hope it will be very long before you will be called home; but when that event shall arrive, I shall be glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God." "You will be disappointed, Doctor," said W., "I shall die silent. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for him during my life, that he will require none from me when I die." The manner of his death verified this prediction.

In regard to the subject of this sketch, it may be said with almost equal truth, that he died silent. His testimony for God is to be found, mainly, in an active and successful ministry of more than half a century. He came to his grave in advanced age, not so much by

the power of disease, as in consequence of the wearing out of the machinery of life. This was indicated by the singular fact, that on the day of his death he discharged from his stomach grapes which he had eaten nearly three months previously; which showed that that organ had long since ceased the active discharge of its functions. His strength gradually, though steadily, failed for many weeks. Consequently, he became very languid and feeble; he was able and inclined to talk but little. As he was naturally social in his temperament and fluent in conversation, it was a matter of surprise, with some of his friends, that he had so little to say in his last days on the great themes of eternity and salvation. But, when spoken to of his hopes and prospects of heaven, he conversed freely and satisfactorily. When asked by one of his children how he felt as he drew near his last end, he replied, "that he had no fear of the sting of death; yet, that he felt a shrinking from death, when he thought of being ushered into the presence of God, who is so infinitely pure and holy, and he so sinful and impure." He said, "I have two prayers on my dying lips," one is, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The other, "Lord, receive my spirit." He said, also, "that he had not a doubt of his acceptance, and that he could see his way to heaven

as clear and as plain as he could see his way to Harrodsburg."

He felt that he had been a very unprofitable servant. A few hours before his departure, when he had ceased to converse with those about him, and as if talking with God, he was heard to say, "unprofitable servant, unprofitable servant!" His reliance for salvation was on Christ alone, whom he had so often and so earnestly preached as the only Savior of sinners. He greatly lamented his want of fervor in his last days, and expressed the thought that it was not desirable for Christians to live to old age, as they could not have the fervor of youth. He delighted to hear the voice of prayer and praise to the end, as they ascended from the family altar; and he frequently asked his Christian friends to remember him in their prayers.

He died on the evening of the holy Sabbath. In the morning of that day, the late Rev. Dr. Ryors called to see him. The particulars of that interview can not now be given; but his reply to various questions was clear and expressive of a good hope of eternal life. Two of his children remained with him, while others of the household went to the sanctuary. With unusual animation he spoke to them of a passage of Dr. Scott, in his commentary on Heb.

vi: 11, in which he sets forth the distinction between the assurance of the understanding, the assurance of faith, and the assurance of hope. He requested the volume containing it should be brought, and the passage read. (See *in loco*). He then said that these remarks had often given him great comfort; and it is probable that he was then in possession of the assurance of understanding, of faith, and of hope.

This was the last conversation he had with any one on the subject of religion. Shortly after it, the king of terrors advanced for the final conflict. He felt that the hour had come. He was taken with severe pain, which continued for two or three hours; after which all suffering seemed to cease, and, at about ten o'clock, Sabbath evening, Jan. 31, 1858, he calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, in the eightieth year of his age.

Two days afterward his surviving sons and daughters, and their offspring, his neighbors and his spiritual children, assembled in the old church for the worship of God; and, after that, they buried him in the adjacent graveyard among the pioneers of central Kentucky; among his well tried friends, and among those he had baptized in infancy, married, admitted to the flock of the great Shepherd, and then

buried in the hope of the resurrection of the dead; in which hope he too was buried.

It would be superfluous, after having laid before the reader so many characteristic passages from his autobiography, to attempt any formal delineation of his character as a man and as a Christian. Native good sense, shrewdness, and love of the truth, formed the basis of his intellectual character; unaffected piety, zeal, profound knowledge of the truthful, consecration to the work of the ministry, were the elements of his spiritual life. For the rest, his hospitality was unbounded, his attachment to his friends uncalculating, his moral and religious character were without a stain.

As a preacher of the Gospel, he was eminently sound and orthodox. His sermons and his writings show that he had an intelligent and cordial faith in the doctrines of his church. The infinite love of God in choosing those whom he would make the heirs of salvation, the infinite love of Christ in redeeming the chosen ones, the infinite love of the Holy Spirit in renewing and sanctifying the chosen and redeemed ones, was the substance of his preaching as to the triune God. The innate depravity of the heart, its total corruption and alienation from God, man's entire dependence on the grace of God for salvation, was the substance

of his doctrine concerning man. The vicarious sacrifice of Christ, propitiation through his blood, salvation by his name and by that name only, was his fixed and inward conviction respecting the way of salvation.

He was, in a degree, perhaps, unusually Scriptural in his preaching. His sermons consisted in exposition of such parts of the Bible as belonged to the subjects with which he dealt in the pulpit. The attention of strangers was most forcibly arrested by his habit of quoting large portions of the sacred Word, making the citations with verbal accuracy, and giving chapter and verse for every passage, and all this from his memory, which seemed never at fault even in the very letter of the Divine Word. He needed neither Bible nor concordance, nor even hymn book or written sermon. "Thy word have I hid in my heart." "Let my mouth be filled with thy praise." "My tongue is the pen of the ready writer."

Another controlling element in his preaching, was his unaffected simplicity. He sought not the applause of his hearers, he was intent on winning their souls. His sermons were instructive and interesting to cultivated minds, but it is the noblest praise to say of him, as is said of his Master, "the common people heard him gladly." He was, in the best sense of the

term, a man of the people. He had been reared among them; he had led the life of a pioneer; he had been an industrious, frugal man, associating all his days with his fellow men; his habits and manners were of the simplest type; he was ever in lively sympathy with those around him.

His own religious experience had been singularly sharp and diversified. The reader, who has attentively considered the early religious history of Dr. Cleland, as it is set forth in the fourth and fifth chapters of this volume, has discovered the sources of his well known power to reveal the workings of the human heart in its conflicts with the depraved passions, the suggestions of the natural conscience, the temptations of Satan, and the influences of the Holy Spirit.

His own inward struggles had taught him how to interpret the spiritual struggles of both sinner and saint in every stage of religious anxiety. Not having himself enjoyed the advantages of a pious parentage, he well remembered the darkness and ignorance of his early years. He depicts, most vividly, one of the characteristics of the awakened sinner in the incidents of his own life at Greensburg: when a boy of eighteen, he stole away into the woods, hid himself in a sink hole, and there

prayed; opening his eyes, even in that lonely spot, to see if any one was looking at him. He discovered, too, the characteristics of the timid young Christian in his first attempt at family prayer, in the house of Mrs. Dunlap, at Pisgah; and he experienced one of the deepest spiritual troubles known to the youthful disciple in the darkness which overtook him on the occasion of his first communion in the Lord's supper. Then, also, the help which the Lord gave him, when though an innkeeper, he set up the family altar; and, when led on step by step, he became successively a public exhorter, a licentiate, a missionary to distant and frontier settlements, a pastor, a powerful preacher of the Word in camp-meetings and other great assemblies, all this varied religious experience furnished him with his remarkable wisdom in winning souls. He preached from the heart, and therefore to the heart. He was taught of the Spirit, in the way of an inward and potential discipline, and he was able to teach others, also. He was a steward of the mysteries of God, for these had been revealed within his own bosom. When he preached, or exhorted, or dealt with the consciences of men in private conversation, he seemed to have received, if we may so speak, the gift of discerning spirits :—a rare and inestimable gift to the minister of the Word.

To these qualifications he added that of powerful appeal to the hearts of men. He possessed a certain unusual gift of pathos. When in his prime, he rarely closed his sermon without introducing a direct address to the emotions of the hearers, and this appeal was so affectionate, so tender, uttered in the tones of his sweet voice, and with the beaming of his engaging countenance, that the audience was not unfrequently melted to tears. And when the spirit of God was poured out upon him and upon his hearers, his entreaties, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God, were well nigh irresistible. His words were clothed with that subtle, indiscribable power which we call unction. It is not natural eloquence, it is not the result of education, nor the product of human art or passion. It is a gift of the spirit of God unto him, which makes him mighty in the Scriptures, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The venerable man who is the subject of this memoir was one of the select few on whom this grace has been bestowed.

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Cleland as a Preacher.

THERE is evidently at this day a vast difference between the amount of preaching we have and the number of those converted by it. We can not account for this, from the fact that we do not hear the same gospel now that was preached by Peter on the day of Pentecost, and subsequently by Paul, and Whitfield, and Edwards. Neither has that gospel ceased to be the power of God unto salvation. Where there is so much preaching, and so little repenting, it shows that there is something wrong; or to say the least of it, something *wanting* in such ministrations. What can it be? There lies somewhere a *secret element of success* in preaching the gospel, which has been practically discovered by only a few. There never was a subject presented to the Church, and especially to her ministry, of more practical and momentous importance than this.

We propose to offer a few suggestions upon this point, in connection with the ministerial labors of our venerable father, Dr. Cleland; be-

cause we believe that his manner of preaching was a practical illustration of the truths which they have helped to suggest.

We all readily admit, that "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God gives the increase." Christ said; "Without me ye can do nothing." Though we preach with the tongues of men and angels, yet, without God's spirit, it is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Man can not convert his fellow-man without Divine aid.

'Tis equally true, that God has ordained the conversion of men through human instrumentality—by the foolishness of preaching. "How shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?" The two agencies must somehow be harmoniously united. There is somewhere a point of contact between the two. The one will not, and the other can not act independently.

'Tis most clear, that the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and judgment, will not, under all circumstances, unite his agency with the agency of man.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Nothing, then, shall be im-

possible to your faith. And so shall ye bear much fruit." The world will believe on Christ when Christ, and his people, and ministering servants are in holy union and fellowship—but not otherwise. They must have the *indwelling of the Spirit.* They may have all else—learning, talents, eloquence, genius—but it will avail nothing without God's spirit. Paul unravels the whole secret of his success. He had the "*unction of the Holy Ghost*"—"And I, brethren, came to you not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. And my speech, and my preaching was not in the enticing word's of man's wisdom, *but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.* That *your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.*"—I. Cor. ii: 1–5.

Dr. Cleland possessed this "*unction of the Spirit*" to a remarkable degree. His preaching was "*with power,*" because accompanied with "the Holy Ghost."

The Church is ever ready to acknowledge her *dependence* upon the Spirit. This is especially true of the ministry. This is well. It is a very important admission. But there yet remains a far deeper, wider, higher, and vastly more important truth for her to discover, and practically realize, before "the Kingdom of God will come with power, and great glory."

It is that she and her ministry must have the *indwelling* and *fellowship* of the Spirit. To feel the *need* of a medicine never heals. To feel the *want* of it is one thing, but to enjoy its healing and life-giving virtues is another thing. The former can do no good whatever, without the latter. We may preach the gospel in its purity and simplicity, and with an acknowledged *dependence* upon God, and yet not have the *unction*, or the *indwelling of the Spirit*, and it will *not* be the *power of God* unto salvation. There is none of the power of God in such preaching; and what is more, the salvation of those who hear such a gospel, stands in the wisdom of men, and not in the power of God. Such preaching brings none to life, because the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit is not in it. It is unsuccessful because it is unsavory. The most learned, eloquent, pungent, and faithful presentation of the truth from the pulpit, delivered, it may be, "with tongues of men and angels," will be but "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," unless accompanied with the indwelling spirit and life-giving power of the Holy Spirit. Ah, here lies that mysterious dissolvent that turns hearts of stone into hearts of flesh!

A minister not imbued with the Spirit of Christ, is like Sampson shorn of his locks.

His strength is gone, because "he wist not that the Spirit of God had departed from him." Here lays the source of his strength. But let the Spirit of the Lord but return unto him again, he will then bow himself, and by the borrowed strength of an omnipotent God drag the pillars of the temple of sin in the dust.

"It is high time," says Dr. Phillip, in his life of Whitfield, "that the church of Christ should consider, not only the duty of *depending* upon the Spirit, but also the import, and the importance of the '*demonstration of the Spirit*' in preaching." That is more than the demonstration of orthodoxy, of sound scholarship and hard study. It is even more than the demonstration of sincerity and fidelity, or of great heat and zeal, of loud and boisterous declamation. To preach in the demonstration of the Spirit, is even more than to bring out the mind of the Spirit faithfully and fully. What the "Spirit saith to the churches," may be repeated to the churches without evasion or flattering; but it will not be heard as his counsel, or consolation, unless it is spoken with something of his love and solemnity.

This will be more obvious by looking at the truth as it is in Jesus. In him it was GRACE, as well as truth. All his heart, and soul, and strength, breathes and burns in his words. His

motives are a part of his meaning. He makes us to feel that he feels more for souls than words can express. He compels us to see a beaming of earnestness in his eye, to hear a beating of intense solicitude in his heart, and to recognize a fixedness of purpose in his manner, unspeakably beyond what he says. The *real* pleading of our Saviour for sinners begins when his words end. His *weeping silence*, after speaking as never man spake, tells more of his gracious love for souls, than all his gracious words. We feel that he feels he has gained nothing by preaching, unless he has won souls. He leaves the conviction upon every heart that nothing can please him but *the heart*. No man ever rose, or can rise, from reading the entreaties of Christ, without feeling that he is in earnest to save souls. So the apostles tried to put themselves in Christ's stead, when he was no longer upon earth to beseech men to be reconciled to God. They were not content to say what Christ said; but *as* he said it, in the demonstration of his Spirit. They could not realize fully the manner in which God would plead his own cause, were he upon earth. But still their reasoning was not unlike his manifold wisdom; nor their appeal unworthy of his paternal tenderness; nor their remonstrances inconsistent with his judicial authority. There

was a fine demonstration of the Spirit in the boldness of Peter, in the sublimity of Paul, and in the heavenliness of John.

Nothing is so simple, and yet nothing is so sublime, as preaching the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Any prayerful, thoughtful minister may preach in this Spirit, for it neither includes nor excludes great talents, learning or ingenuity. "The unction of the Holy Spirit" can subordinate the mightiest and masterliest minds to the one grand object of watching for souls. It can also render subservient and successful the most ordinary powers of mind. The acute reasonings of Wesley, and the warmhearted beseechings of Whitfield, are alike the demonstration of the Spirit.

In like manner many of their uneducated colleagues turned many to righteousness, and were themselves turned into stars that shall shine forever in the firmament of the Church in both worlds. The *secret* of their success was the same in both classes of preachers—*their heart*, *their soul*, and their all was in the work. Truth had the force of divine truth, the fire of eternal truth, the glory of saving truth upon their minds. Accordingly the regular congregations, and the promiscuous crowds felt that they were on *fire* to watch for souls, and were compelled to admit that even men who had

not been to the University had been with Jesus and were indeed moved by the Holy Ghost.

Happily this spirit can not be *imitated* in preaching. It may be imbibed and breathed by any devotional minister; but it can not be copied. No tones, looks, or tears can demonstrate the presence of the Spirit in a sermon, if the preacher be not in the Spirit before coming into the pulpit. Neither the melting, nor the kindling of men half devoted, can melt down, or wield an audience by the gospel! because the Holy Ghost will not honor fits and starts of fidelity. Never does a preacher dupe himself, or endanger others more, than when he imagines that the Spirit will give power to the gospel among his people, while he has not power upon himself. God makes his ministers a blessing to others, by blessing themselves first. He first works *in* them, and then *by* them. A minister ought to be as much ashamed, and more afraid of being unbaptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, than of being ignorant of the original languages. Men who can demonstrate the problems of Euclid, or the import of the Greek and Hebrew idioms, have no excuse for not being able to preach the gospel with the demonstration of the Holy Ghost!

The Holy Spirit is given to the Church as a blessed and permanent legacy. And that Spirit

abides in her, so that whatever she may ask will be granted unto her. "Without me ye can do *nothing*," said Christ. 'Tis a truth equally important, that "through Christ she can *do all things*.". The resources of the Church are *unlimited and omnipotent*, did she but know how to avail herself of them. We believe that the practical development of this great truth will soon "give the kingdom, and the dominion, and greatness of the kingdom to the saints of the Most High."

There has always resided in steam an expansive power, by which the commerce of the world might always have been transported, books printed, clothing for the world manufactured—thereby almost annihilating the ancient curse, which doomed the race to unremitting labor—yet the world for generations remained in ignorance of its properties, or knew not how to avail themselves of them. But now, behold what a revolution that single discovery has made! So God has deposited the influences of his Spirit with his Church—his word and ordinances. All that is wonderful in his wisdom, mighty in his power, and glorious in his grace, is offered to the Church, without limit or reserve—"All, all are yours." But through her ignorance and inaptitude, the Church has failed hitherto, to rightly develop her resources. We

think there is a wonderful significancy in the teachings of our Saviour, in the fifteenth chapter of John, which has hitherto not been clearly understood by the Church at large. But we trust the day will soon come, when she will know how to avail herself of all the resources of omnipotent power and grace bequeathed unto her. Then she will arise and shine, her light being come, and the glory of the Lord risen upon her.

We have made these remarks in connection with the name of Dr. Cleland, because we believe they have received, to a good degree, a practical illustration in his public ministrations. He was a man of acknowledged power in the pulpit. Not only the "common people," but all classes "heard him gladly," and hundreds, if not thousands to the everlasting joy of their souls. His manner of preaching was plain and simple, without any attempt at fine style, or demonstration of the words of man's wisdom. His address was familiar, affectionate, and conversational. His style plain Saxon, highly Scriptural, and didactic. His voice was remarkably clear and melodious, and "was to them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument;" and being possessed of a clear knowledge of

human nature, he knew how, as a skillful player, to touch the responsive chords of sympathy in the hearts of his hearers. His enunciation, though rapid, was distinct, and impressive. There was a convincing earnestness in his manner, that at once impressed his audience with the force of his convictions. But above all, there was an *holy unction*, a heavenly, touching *pathos*, that is wholly indescribable, which gave a lustre to his eye, a tremulous sweetness to his voice, a beaming of affection to his countenance, and an intense earnestness to his manner. Here we think "lay the hidings of his power." In one corner of his garden was permitted to grow up a tall, dense clump of cane. If you would trace the hard-beaten path to a certain sacred spot, still more firmly beaten, you would soon learn where he obtained these hidings of his power. Oh, there is a wonderful connection between callous knees and the tremulous cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

In the prime of his life his discourses were usually from an hour to an hour and a half in length; but they were listened to with unabated, yea, increasing interest to the last. The first hour was taken up in expounding the text, and discussing the leading topic of the discourse; and when he had gotten the subject fully before the minds of his hearers, he would then enforce

the whole by a most animated and moving exhortation. His manner was so earnest, and often vehement, but never boisterous, that all the clothing next to his person was perfectly saturated with perspiration; and oftentimes the effect upon his audience was overpowering. The house was usually filled to its utmost capacity. Under these most melting appeals the whole congregation were bowed upon their seats, and forcibly reminded one of a wheat-field after a storm had passed over it. There would not be a dry eye in the whole house. It would seem as if the flinty rock had been smitten by the hand of Moses. Oftentimes many could not refrain from weeping aloud, while others rejoiced before the Lord. Sometimes scores were convicted under one such discourse. He had at one time a continuous revival of seven years in one of his churches. Nor were his labors confined to his own field; other churches enjoyed the fruits of his labors. Those four-days meetings were often signalized by a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit; and during such occasions as high as from twenty to sixty have been hopefully converted to Christ.

In the year 1809 he attended as Commissioner, the General Assembly at Philadelphia. Dr. Alexander was then pastor of the church

in which the Assembly held its sessions. He requested Mr. Cleland to preach for him on Sabbath night. He asked Dr. A. how the people of Philadelphia liked Western preaching. "Very well," replied the Dr., "when they preach in the same manner they do at home. But when they try to preach like the preachers in the East, they spoil it all." "Thank you, Dr., I will try and profit by the suggestion," said Mr. C. to himself. His theme, that night, was the "Heavenly Society," from Rev. vii: 9. Nearly the whole Assembly were present. He alluded to the fact that, that day, they had been scattered and divided; but the day was not far distant when they should all meet at the General Assembly and Church of the First Born in heaven. He preached in his usual style, with great fervor and unction. The entire congregation, preachers and people, were melted into tears. He was from that time called "The little Whitfield of the West."

Perhaps one of the most effective sermons that he ever preached was delivered at Union church. He was on his way to an appointment of his own, and stopped by the way to listen to a discourse by a Methodist preacher. In the run of his discourse the speaker indulged in a little invective against what he regarded as a very great heresy. He denounced Calvinism

"as begotten of the devil and hatched in hell." On his return on Monday following, Mr. C. found the meeting still in progress, and attended with considerable interest. Both of the preachers on the ground had, in the meantime, become so exhausted and hoarse, that they could neither exhort nor preach. "Mr. C., you must preach for us." "Ah, but if I do, I will be compelled to preach that doctrine which you dislike so much." "Ah, never mind that now." So he consented to preach, and took for his discourse that singular text, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines."

After describing the destructive nature of these little animals, he made a spiritual, and, perhaps, a somewhat *personal*, application of the subject. "There are many kinds of foxes," said he; "but, perhaps, the most mischievous of all is that old fox with his long grey beard, called *prejudice*." And, after having dealt a severe and justly merited rebuke as the case demanded, he proceeded to a more general application of the subject to his congregation. Many of them began to weep aloud; and, before he was done, multitudes lay all around him prostrated upon the ground, and crying for mercy, until his own voice was so drowned that he was compelled to desist. And from that time on, as long as the meeting continued,

in every prayer and exhortation the cry was, "Lord, take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines."

Dr. C. could tell an anecdote, or weave in a passing incident, with great effect. We will illustrate this remark by only a single instance. When near the close of his life, he was visited by his two sons in the ministry, at the time of his usual sacramental meeting. At that time Mrs. C. was confined to her dying bed. He alluded, in his remarks—as he arose to administer the communion—to the conflicting emotions that filled his heart. He felt that he was near the end of life; his work on earth would soon be ended. But he rejoiced that there were those upon whom his mantle would rest, when he was no more. He said, he felt as did Father Geno, a venerable Baptist minister, who some years before had been unexpectedly visited by his son, the Rev. Stephen Geno, of Baltimore. The old man, at an Association of his church, gave utterance to his feelings, by taking for his text, "Thou hast comforted me by the coming of *Stephanus*." After making a touching application of this incident, Dr. C. then paused, looking down to the vacant seat, so long occupied by one so long endeared to them all, he added with a pathos, that at once touched every heart, and moved the whole

assembly to tears—"but there is one absent, who has oft communed with us; but she will not drink this wine with us any more, until she drinks it anew in our Father's kingdom."

Dr. C. had no less influence with his people out of his pulpit than in it. He possessed a happy art in talking to them personally, upon the subject of their souls' salvation. He was a man of great wisdom in managing his temporal affairs, and of equal prudence in attending to the concerns of others. And perhaps no man ever lived, who so effectually succeeded, unintentionally in many things, in stamping the impress of his own character upon all those around him.

So thus, by his perfect knowledge of the human heart, by his exemplary prudence, by his holy walk and conversation, and his faithful preaching of Christ and him crucified, he has turned many to righteousness, and is himself turned into a star that shall shine forever and ever in the firmament of heaven.

APPENDIX.

[We take the liberty to subjoin the following notice of the death of Dr. Cleland, as a very brief and condensed, but just and comprehensive estimate of his character, taken from the "Presbyterian Expositor." The article is from the pen of Rev. Nathan L. Rice, D. D., Chicago, Ill.]

Death of Rev. Thomas Cleland, D. D.—This venerable minister of Christ closed his earthly career on the 31st of January, in the eightieth year of his age.

From early childhood, the name of Dr. Cleland has been as familiar to us as household words. One of the churches of which he was, for many years, pastor, that in Harrodsburg, is within twelve miles of the place where our youthful days were spent; and frequently he visited that neighborhood for the purpose of preaching the gospel to a feeble church, or to solemnize marriages. His sterling integrity, his earnest piety, his sound judgment and his pulpit eloquence, gave him great influence

among the people; and the announcement that he was to preach, always collected a large audience.

For many years, Dr. Cleland was, we believe, the most popular Presbyterian preacher in Kentucky; and as he possessed a robust constitution, preached extemporaneously, commonly using a brief skeleton, and spoke with extraordinary ease to himself; his labors were much in demand. Few ministers, we believe, have enjoyed more extensive usefulness, both in the conversion of sinners and in the edification of believers. In several respects, he was an extraordinary preacher. He preached more on doctrinal subjects than most ministers; and he had the happy tact of so illustrating doctrinal truths as to strike the minds of the people, and at the same time their practical bearing was exhibited with great effect. He was accustomed to converse familiarly with all classes of persons, in all states of mind; and thus he learned, what many ministers never learn, how to preach *to the people.*

The great excellency of his sermons, and one principal secret of his success, was, that they abounded in Scripture quotations and explanations. He did literally "preach the word." A rich Christian experience enabled him to preach

with far greater effect the precious truths, the power of which his own heart had felt.

Dr. Cleland had an extraordinary control over the sympathic feelings of his hearers. There was something peculiar in the tones of his voice, adapted to awaken in the minds of others the strong emotions of his own; and not unfrequently he introduced an anecdote, which he could tell with great effect. Under his melting appeals, we have repeatedly seen almost the entire congregation weeping, and in one or two instances, have heard them sob and even cry out. We have known no man who could so control the feelings of his hearers, as Dr. Cleland, when in his happiest moods.

His social qualities added much to Dr. Cleland's influence. He was the furthest possible from moroseness; and he had none of that *professional dignity*, which rendered it difficult for either old or young persons to approach him. And if he could tell anecdotes in the pulpit, which would draw tears from all eyes, he could as readily tell anecdotes in the social circle, that would convulse all with laughter. Few ministers, we believe, enjoyed a more uniform cheerfulness, or contributed more to the cheerfulness of those around him.

Dr. Cleland was remarkable for the punctual fulfillment of his appointments, and for his uni-

form attendance upon the meetings of church courts. His efficiency, however, was mainly in the pulpit, not in ecclesiastical bodies. His writings were chiefly, if not exclusively, of a controversial character. He did important service in the controversy with Barton W. Stone, and published some good tracts on Campbellism. His forte, however, was in the pulpit. He published a Hymn-Book, which was much used in Kentucky from twenty-five to thirty years ago.

Having known him for many years, we were prepared for the announcement, that he has been looking forward "with pleasing anticipation to the period of his release." His ministry extended through a period of about fifty-four years. He reared a large family of children, two of whom are ministers of the gospel, and one is the wife of a minister.

This imperfect tribute we feel constrained to pay to the memory of one whom we have long loved, from whom we and our father's family have received spiritual benefits in past years.

[The following communication is from the pen of Rev. Harvey Woods, Cookville, Miss.]

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I was much pleased to hear that you are preparing a memoir of your venerable father. I trust you will succeed in rearing a monument worthy of the subject, and

thus leave to posterity a grateful testimonial to the excellence of a great and good man.

I would contribute a stone to aid in the structure—a tribute to private, Christian, and ministerial worth. I, therefore, willingly comply with your request, in "giving such facts, impressions, etc., of him," as I can recall.

Among my early recollections in Tennessee, almost fifty years ago, were conversations, among my relatives, in relation to your father. My parents were brought up in Kentucky, amid the privations and dangers of frontier and station life; and, like yours, they shared in the revival that characterized the beginning of the nineteenth century in Kentucky and Tennessee.

My parents were only occasional hearers of your father, but were most favorably impressed, and strongly attached to him. The young man who taught the first school to which I was sent was brought up at Paint Lick. He afterward became my uncle by marriage, and as an evidence of the high regard he had for your father, he named his oldest son "Cleland." This would lead me and others to inquire, why he was so named; and this doubtless led to many an animated conversation about the distant and distinguished young preacher. Long years before I saw him I had made

his acquaintance in this kind of traditional manner.

I was taught to regard ministers with veneration. My early impressions as to your father could not have been otherwise than favorable—my prepossessions strong. Like other young people of that day, I was curious to see great men, and especially great preachers. But my curiosity, in this case, was not gratified till some years after I entered the ministry.

I have often heard of "*great men*," and have been curious to see them. But I have frequently felt that they were great men made of small material—men of great pretensions—great because their fathers were great—great mainly because of their great vanity, or great ambition—that their greatness was fictitious, or accidental—the result of happening, in a political or theological scuffle, to fall uppermost, or of luckily falling on the strong side in times of high party excitement. But I was never disappointed in Dr. Cleland. He was naturally, intrinsically great, aside from all partyism, or accidental causes.

I first saw him in April, 1834, at a meeting of Transylvania Presbytery, in Glasgow, Ky., to which place I had removed in 1833. My second daughter was then an infant. I had written to Rev. Wm. L. Breckenridge, then of

Danville, the only one of the Transylvania brethren with whom I had formed an acquaintance, requesting him, at the meeting of Presbytery, to administer the ordinance of baptism, and to deliver an address appropriate. He wrote to me that as Dr. Cleland was familiar with the subject, he would engage his services for me on that occasion.

Many persons at Glasgow, like myself, had never seen him, but had often heard of him. On that occasion they had the pleasure of seeing and hearing for themselves. The address on Sabbath morning on baptism I particularly remember. It will long be remembered by persons at that place; it convinced some who had always been Baptists in sentiment, that *immersion* is not necessary. Children more than thirty miles from Glasgow, whose parents had hitherto neglected their baptism, were soon after baptized.

At that meeting I became acquainted with Dr. Cleland. We often corresponded, especially while I remained in Kentucky. But, as our correspondence was mainly about ecclesiastical affairs, it would not interest the Christian public. I have been at your father's house, and he has been at mine. We have been together often at meetings, conventions, presbyteries, and synods, and once in the General

Assembly. I found him every where the same unpretending, unambitious, conscientious, firm, and reliable man and minister.

When I first saw him, it might have been said he was growing old; but "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." In stature he was not above a medium hight, but he had a stout and vigorous frame, inclining to corpulency. Men learned in such things, I doubt not, would say he had a head admirably formed, indicating benevolence, firmness, fancy, genius, and power.

His mental character was well balanced. Nature gave him a sound mind in a sound body. Though at an early day in Kentucky his opportunities for intellectual culture may not have been of the highest order, yet all who are acquainted with his preaching and his writings must accord to him attainments of no common order. In youth he improved what opportunities he had. Having a strong and active mind, and a retentive memory, and giving himself to his profession, and to a judicious course of reading, he deserved to rank high as a theologian. His letters and his writings evince the correctness of his scholarship.

His long ministerial life was also characterized by commendable assiduity. He was not the man, to be sure, to go blind at 30, by pour-

ing over books at midnight hours, nor to kill himself at 40 by sedentary and abstemious habits, nursing a torpid liver, or taking pills to cure the dyspepsia. In nothing did he exhibit more good sense than in the proper distribution of his time, between exercise, riding, preaching, study, sleep, rest, etc. Nor did he lay his armor off, and cease to study and work, when he became old. The last meeting but one (1854) of the General Assembly which he attended was in Washington City in 1852. During that meeting the Assembly, in a body, on the 22d May, made a visit to Mt. Vernon. By the way I asked him his age. Said he, "I am 74 years old to-day." Though he was now old, and but the wreck of his former self, in personal appearance, yet he would not ask to be excused from work. He was there far from home, representing his Presbytery in the Assembly. At the same meeting he told me he had with him his manuscript work on Baptism, which has since been published, and which, in the estimation of good judges, is, for popular reading, one of the ablest works on the subject in our language.

When the Assembly adjourned, we took the same train, and happened to occupy the same car, till we got to the Relay House. There we parted, and I saw him no more. I took the

cars for Cumberland, and he for Saratoga, in the discharge of ministerial duty, of which I may say something in another place.

Would that I could say something worthy of Dr. Cleland as a *preacher*—a preacher

> "Endowed by nature and by learning taught,
> To move assemblies."

I will give my own impressions. To do this I will go back to his discourse at Glasgow on Baptism, more than 24 years ago. It was a fine morning in April, in a large and crowded house. He took his position in front of the pulpit. In beginning his address, he remarked that he had no manuscript, no notes—nothing but the Bible—holding up in his hand a small Bible, which he had carried from my house, which I now have before me. This was no boast of his ability, but an acknowledgment of the authority of God's word, and of this alone, on this controverted subject. On a blank leaf he had written "1 John v: 8;" under this a heart, and about the heart, S. B. W. Here was the visible foundation of one of his arguments in favor of our mode of Baptism. The argument I thought a beautiful one, but less forcible than others. He no doubt considered it logical. He was not the man to use an argument merely because he or others might think it plausible. He had no taste for sophistry—

never indulged in *clap-trap*, nor the *ad captandum* style of declamation. I refer to this incident as characteristic of his method, as a thinker and speaker. I have heard him preach often. I never saw him use a manuscript or notes. He evidently did his thinking before he went into the pulpit, and had his main points well fixed in his mind. I never saw him reduced to the necessity of *talking* till he could think of something to say. His enunciation was rapid—at times a mountain torrent. There was no lack of words, nor of the right kind of words. There was sometimes an apparent struggle among his words to find an utterance.

I would suppose that Dr. Cleland rarely wrote out his sermons at full length; but he doubtless made a wise use of pen, ink and paper. In relation to the passage above quoted, it was his opinion that the three witnesses on earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood, "agree in one," in the manner of their application, by *affusion*—the Spirit poured out, the blood sprinkled, and the water poured or sprinkled. But in preparing to handle this argument in the pulpit, he would write but little: "1 John v: 8," a heart, surrounded with the letters "S. B. W." With these hints, he could soon arrange his thoughts.

As I have already said, he was possessed of a

retentive memory. He was very familiar with the Bible, could quote its words with surprising readiness and accuracy. The great secret of his popularity and success in preaching was perhaps owing to the fact that his sermons were not only rich in thought, but highly seasoned with the word of God. Had he any thing to say about depravity, repentance, faith, etc., he would state his positions with great clearness, and then establish them by texts to the point.

His conversation and letters were often pointed or adorned with similitudes from the Bible. I have now before me one of his letters, in answer to one from me, in which I had complained of some unreasonable persecution. He recapitulates my grievances, and comforts me by simply adding, "This is like Samson among the Philistines, sure enough!" Knowing how he would feel and look, when he would say such a thing, it was enough for the time, at least, to put me in a good humor.

His manners in the pulpit were unostentatious—no effort at display—no air of superiority. When he had stated a truth, or thrown out an argument, he never seemed to feel, or to desire his hearers to feel—"That is something grand, or original, of which no one had ever before dreamed." His gestures were simple—

none of the arts of the rhetorician—none of the great sweeps of the orator. It was with him the eloquence of truth and earnestness. He did not, however, stand like a statue; there was necessarily some motion of the hands, arms and body, consequent upon the heavings of a mighty mind; as there is always some motion on a steamer, when there is a powerful engine working within.

His preaching was full of pathos. It was moving and persuasive, rather than startling or alarming. I never like to sit up about the pulpit, or in the presence of a congregation, and go to crying—it is regarded as unmanly—so childish and womanish. I, therefore, soon learned, after hearing Dr. Cleland preach, that when he was to be the officiating minister, I must fix myself so that I could put my head down, or cover my face with my handkerchief. This was another reason of his popularity. The people like to listen to the preacher that can make them "*feel.*" In the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper he was peculiarly solemn and tender.

There are great men at the East—men of learning and eloquence—but I confess my partiality for Western oratory. I have often listened with delight to Drs. Blackburn, Henderson, Nelson, Allan, etc.; but to none did I

uniformly listen with more pleasure and profit than to Dr. Cleland.

He was also gifted as a *writer*. He had this reputation long before I knew him personally. Much that he has written was never put in a permanent form. He was, I think, a large contributor to the newspaper and periodical literature of his day—to such works as the Calvinistic Magazine, Presbyterian Advocate, Pedobaptist, etc. Though he wielded an able pen, he seemed not, even in this, to be ambitious, or desirous of applause. For the most part, a modest little "C." was all that could suggest to his friends that he was the author. But whenever you found an essay over "C." you found an essay not only readable, but ably written. He often wrote not using even the "C." I have now before me a large pamphlet of 102 pages on the "Excision and Division of the Presbyterian Church. By an Old Disciple." It is an able work. I always supposed that Dr. Cleland was that "Old Disciple." The internal evidence is, to my mind, strong and irresistible. However creditable such works, he cared not for the honor—he aimed at the triumph of truth. As a writer he had a clear conception of what he wanted to say, and could say it in few, plain, and forcible words.

He was fond of peace—so much so that I

sometimes was almost ready to regard him as timid. But he was not timid—he was cautious, and afraid to do wrong. When, however, duty was plain, no man was more ready to act. He was mild, yet rigid in his adherence to principle. He *would* follow the leadings of conscience—no allurements or sacrifices could move him.

Had he been fond of strife, and could he have condescended to the tricks of the tactician, he might have distinguished himself as a controversialist. But he was no admirer of even theological pugilists, and did not desire to have such a reputation. His letters to Stone—his strictures on Campbellism—his work on Baptism—his Old Disciple, etc., evince talent for controversy. But he had little taste for such work. What he did, his conscience bid him do—what he did was a tribute laid upon the altar of truth. When forced to come out, he was not harsh, vindictive, nor cruel. "Soft words and hard arguments," was a favorite phrase with him. He would rather suffer wrong than do wrong.

He enjoyed the confidence of the people, and was popular, not only with Presbyterians, but with all orthodox denominations. Few men of so much greatness and goodness have encountered less hatred. If he would occasionally

hear that some minister or editor had mentioned his name, and called in question his honesty, consistency, or orthodoxy, it would hurt his feelings more than his reputation. He was not insensible to censure; but he did not go to crying and scolding, and insisting that he was the worst persecuted of all God's servants. He was too magnanimous for that. If he condescended to speak of such a thing, it would be about thus: "Mr. —— has put a patch on my back, and he ought to take it off."

He stood high in the confidence and esteem of Gen. Jackson, and many of the leading politicians of his day. And in all the high political excitements of the last half century, he has been singularly fortunate as a man of peace and prudence. In one letter to me; and, I think, only one, did he ever mention politics. In that, he says, "I never discussed politics, either in or out of the pulpit; never excited or offended an opponent that I know of; read every Presidential Message, from Jefferson's Inaugural to the present time; always a Democrat on principle; '*Principia non homines*,' my uniform and unvarying creed; no political partisan; no hobby rider, etc.; always get along smoothly and peaceably; and, as far as I know, respected by those opposed to me in political sentiments."

Since his death some writer says he was

"serious." If by this was meant that he was free from *levity*, it is correct. But, if the writer meant that he was not cheerful, it is a mistake. He was every where dignified, yet plain and easy in his manners. He was not only cheerful, but had a good share of humor; was fond of a good story, and could tell an anecdote well himself. His friends will say, they found him always quite companionable.

In the abundance of his good humor, he would sometimes use expressions that nobody else would dare to use. It was hard to get him to preach more than his share at Presbytery or Synod. When excused, he would add, "I would rather preach to any other kind of sinners than to *reverend* sinners," laying emphasis upon the "reverend," and by his look and a slight twitch, giving it a double meaning. When he would hear of some unwise thing done by a Presbyterian, or by a Presbyterian body, he would say, "well, Presbyterian fools are the biggest fools in the world." All such pithy expressions would come from him with such an unction that no one was offended, their keenness being all covered over with pleasantry.

I will give now only one of many evidences of the high esteem in which Dr. Cleland was held by those who knew him best. Before we parted last, near Baltimore, he told me he was going

to Saratoga, at the request of Chancelor Walworth and his lady, to administer, in their family, the ordinance of baptism. I learned from him, that there were many links in that long and unbroken chain of attachment. When Mrs. W. was an infant, he had baptized her. She united with the church under his ministry. Her first husband was the gallant Col. Hardin, who fell in the Mexican war. In her first and second marriage Dr. C. was the officiating clergyman. And now he goes all the way to Saratoga, at the request of the parents, to administer the ordinance of baptism, and to receive into the visible family of the Savior one of the dear pledges of their love.

Few ministers have traveled further to solemnize the rites of matrimony,* administer the ordinance of baptism, and preach funeral sermons, than he. This shows the strong hold he had on the confidence and affections of his friends, alike creditable to him and them.

Such a man is not ashamed to live, nor afraid to die. The last letter I received from him was dated April 6, 1857, a few months before his death, and twenty-three years to a day, since he

* Dr. C. kept an accurate list of all the marriages ever solemnized by him—in all, 712: together with the amount of fees paid by each. "Total, $2,875 50." Every present that he ever received, even down to the widow's mite, is here faithfully recorded, and was gratefully remembered.—[*Eds.*

delivered the address on baptism, to which I have referred at some length. In the latter part of this letter, after saying, "Our little Synod is weak, and can scarcely stand, etc.," he closes in these words, "I wish you and some former brethren were back again in Old Kentuck, if it suited. What will become of us, the good Lord only knows. I have not long to stay, and I feel my latter end approaching. *All is well.*"

I have now given you some "facts and impressions" of your father. I have guarded against fulsome, unmeaning eulogy. In speaking of his intellectual endowments, his claims to the possession of talents of a high order, I might, consistently, have used stronger expressions. But, in speaking of him, I would not indulge in gross adulation or unqualified panegyric; if, for no other reason, because, if living, it would be offensive to him. In what I have said of him, no one, who knew him, will say that I am extravagant in my estimate of his abilities or excellence. He sighed not for distinction, he cared not for popular applause; and, I have no doubt, you will find from the scanty materials he has left his biographer, that he was unusually indifferent to posthumous fame. He had all the elements of greatness, but he was destitute of the ambition to be great.

But his work is done, and he has gone to his reward. The place where were laid the remains of Dr. Cleland will long be a place dear to many a pilgrim; and his grave will long be covered with garlands of Christian affection.

Yours, etc.,

H. WOODS.

[The following letter is from Rev. James Barnes, D. D., Clinton county, Mo. Dr. Barnes was one of the first students of Theology under Dr. Cleland, and for many years they were co-laborers in the same vineyard of the Lord.]

My Dear Brother: Be assured that it will afford me great pleasure to be able to furnish some facts connected with the life and labors of your beloved and venerated father, now an heir of glory. Whatever I may be able to call to mind respecting him, I shall record it as an expression of grateful remembrance to one to whom I am deeply indebted for what I am, as a Christian (though less than the least of all), and as a minister of the everlasting gospel.

My first acquaintance with my beloved father in the Lord, was in the early part of the year 1807. I was then a youth of about seventeen years. The first time I ever heard the delightful sound of the gospel was from his lips, about the period above mentioned. He

preached at that time once a month in Springfield, where I resided, though not regularly, as his labors were at times in very great demand. He was the most acceptable preacher then in Kentucky. His labors were wonderfully blessed in the conversion of souls. In the month of June, 1809, I was received by him into the communion of the Church. From that time until he removed into Mercer county (1813) he was my pastor, my adviser and kind friend. During the year 1815, I lived in his family, and was treated as his son; enjoyed his excellent ministrations, and commenced the study of Theology. It was by his kind exertions that I was enabled to spend the two following years at Princeton Theological Seminary. After my return to Kentucky, by his fatherly advice, I was induced to take the pastoral oversight of the united congregations of Lancaster and Paint Lick, in the fall of 1818. In the fall of 1819 I was ordained, and installed pastor over said churches, on which occasion your father presided. During these eighteen years I occasionally enjoyed the privilege of being assisted by him on sacramental occasions. It was under his faithful administrations, together with Brother S. K. Sweed, that a most precious revival commenced in Paint Lick church, in the summer of 1826, which continued for two years,

and which resulted in the conversion of many precious souls to God. His preaching was plain, scriptural, evangelical, spiritual and practical. His sermons were always filled with Scripture quotations, and he was always particular in giving both chapter and verse. He knew the Scriptures almost by heart. He was a living concordance. "He was mighty in the Scriptures." He possessed the wonderful power of condensing a whole body of divinity in a single discourse. Nor did he present before the people the dead dry bones of a hideous skeleton, but clothed with flesh, beautiful for its compactness and symmetry, and animated with joyous life. He sometimes used brief selections, but never heard him read a sermon. I never heard a man who had a more complete control over the feelings of his audience, and that without any special effort to awaken their sympathies. For many years I never sat under one of his excellent sermons without being deeply affected myself, and witnessing a little effect upon the whole congregation. He never daubed the unbeliever with untempered mortar; but was a son of thunder to the guilty, and of consolation to the feeble-minded. His preaching was instructive to the ignorant; encouraging to the timid, and edifying to the believer.

As a pastor, as far as domestic duties and missionary calls would allow, he was faithful to those under his immediate charge. Much of Dr. Cleland's ministerial life was spent in arduous labors out of the bounds of his own congregation.

At that time there were but few faithful ministers of the Word, and calls for good faithful preachers were both numerous and urgent. Soon ofter he entered the ministry, the Pelagian, Arian, Socinian and Shaker heresies and defections threatened the overthrow of the churches in Kentucky. These soul-destroying heresies and apostacies threw a great deal of missionary labor into the hands of this faithful servant of Christ. Many churches in this State were torn into fragments. Those who stood firmly by the faith of their fathers called loudly and earnestly for help. None were more ready to listen to these calls than Dr. Cleland; and none rendered more efficient service in helping to roll back this desolating tide than he.

About this time the Cumberland Presbyterians broke off from our denomination. Their desertion from our ranks made a wide-spread destitution of our ministrations in southwestern Kentucky, which still further increased the demand for missionary labor. Mr. Cleland went often to that region of the country on

missionary tours. These missionary labors were discharged without the prospect of pecuniary remuneration; while, at the same time, subjecting the faithful missionary to severe privations and hardships.

Reversing a little the order suggested in your letter, I proceed to state a few particulars with reference to our dear father as a man and a Christian. We may say of him what was said of Barnabas; "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people were added to the Lord." Although his literary advantages were limited; yet, all things considered, he was evidently a man of more than ordinary abilities. He possessed a discriminating mind, a clear and quick understanding, sound and solid judgment, a retentive memory and a lively imagination. He possessed cheerfulness without levity, sobriety without moroseness, firmness without stubbornness, and dignity without haughtiness.

As a man of business he was prompt, active, conscientious; and, above all men I ever knew, prudent. *Prudence,* he always taught his students, next to piety, was one of the cardinal virtues essential to a usefulness in the minister. He kept every thing in perfect order about him. He could rise at the hour of midnight, and without a light, lay his hand on any book in

the library. He had a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

The social qualities of our kind father were such as to warmly attach to him a large circle of devoted friends, both aged and young, rich and poor, bond and free. And no one, who has even for a short time been an inmate of his kind family, but was impressed with the belief that real hospitality and the law of kindness reigned there. His ministerial brethren always esteemed it a delightful privilege to enjoy his society, which was always both animating and instructive.

But, before I close this communication, I feel it a privilege to pay an unfeigned tribute of justly merited respect to the memory of her who was the partner of his joys and sorrows for more than half a century. During the year that I was an inmate of Dr. Cleland's house, and during the period of forty years in which I occasionally visited the house, if that most excellent mother in Israel was ever out of temper, or in a passion, I never discovered it, either in her looks, words, or actions. She was always the same peaceful, amiable, and affectionate wife, the same warm-hearted friend, the same active, self-denying and devout Christian. I can truly say, that among all the clergymen's families I have known in the last fifty

years, I have never become acquainted with one who was better suited to the station she occupied than mother Cleland. An excellent help-meet to her husband; a blessing to her family and neighborhood, and an ornament to the church of God. Few ministers and their wives have lived so long in the blessed service of their Lord, and have sustained a more exalted Christian character than Dr. Cleland and his most excellent wife.

They are now, we do most firmly believe, justified spirits made perfect, reunited in the blissful presence of our adored Redeemer, in his high and holy service in glory forever.

Yours in Christ Jesus our Lord,

JAMES BARNES.